N BULL, FEBRUARY 7, 1925 Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage in U.K. or Abroad 1d.

JOHN BULL

ol. XXVII. No. 678. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1925. TWOPENCE

Mason's 'O.K' the cold meat Sauce

CROSS-WORDS 1,000 PRIZES see page 30

The LAW OF LOVE

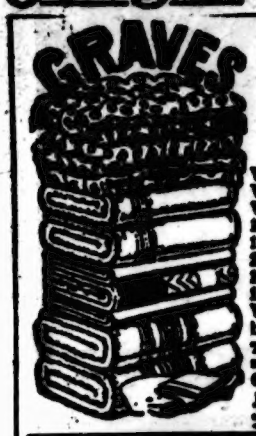
by "A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER"

BOVRIL WINTER and INFLUENZA

Many thousands of people exposed to infection have escaped Influenza because they took the precaution of building up their defensive forces with Bovril.

Many others have escaped with a light attack and made rapid recovery because they are so well and soundly nourished by Bovril that the epidemic has failed to get a real hold of them.

BOVRIL repels colds, chills and Influenza



GRAVES

BARGAIN BEDDING SALE

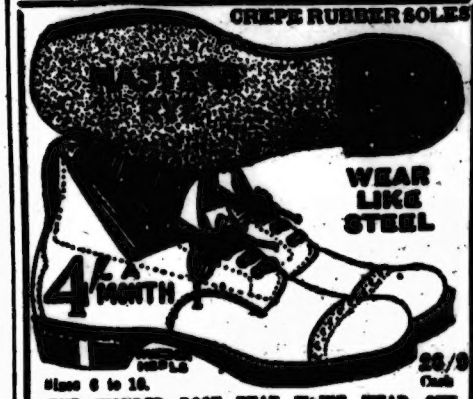
10/ new

World's Finest Value. 1 pr All-Wool Blankets: 1 pr White Fleecy Blankets; 1 pr Unbleached Twill Sheets; 2 White Pillow Cases; 1 White Bolster Case; 1 Alhambra Quilt; 1 Lovely Wadded Quilt. All double bed size. £4 : 10 : 0

Terms to approved applicants—5/- now, balance 10/- monthly. Catalogues Post Free.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

CREPE RUBBER SOLES



Sizes 6 to 10.

THE WONDER BOOT THAT WON'T WEAR OUT

like other boots do, soled with the wonderful Crepe Rubber—a new invention which defies Wear, Damp and Cold. Think what they will save you in repairs—Crepe Rubber Soles wear 3 times as long as leather. Silent and cushion-like, Waterproof, Dampproof, Coldproof, Noiseproof and Wearproof. It is a wonderful boot—no nails, stitched throughout. Price duly 30/-. We offer 10,000 pairs on easy terms, 4/- deposit and 4/- monthly. Send 4/- now and say which size we shall send you. Deposit refunded or Boots exchanged if not satisfactory.

Price List of Boots, Suits, Watches, Coats, etc., post free

MASTERS 83, HOPE STORES, RYE.

FACTORY TO RIDER

Carriage Paid. *Fifteen Days' Free Trial.*

FROM £5 5s. CASH OR 2/6 WEEKLY.

Prompt Delivery. Second-hand Cycles CHEAP. Accessories at popular Prices. Write for Free Lists and *Special Offer* of Sample Bicycle.

Mead CYCLE CO. Ltd. Dept. B 657

SMALL HEATH, BIRMINGHAM.

Psoriasis eczema, and Legs, and all skin diseases completely and permanently cured by KUREM HOME TREATMENT, famous over 30 years. Entirely herbal, inexpensive, yet cures when doctors and hospitals fail. Send post-card for free book, which tells you how to begin your own certain cure at home. J. Robinson & Sons, 11, Kurem Works, Bradford.

NEURITIS AND ESMOLIN

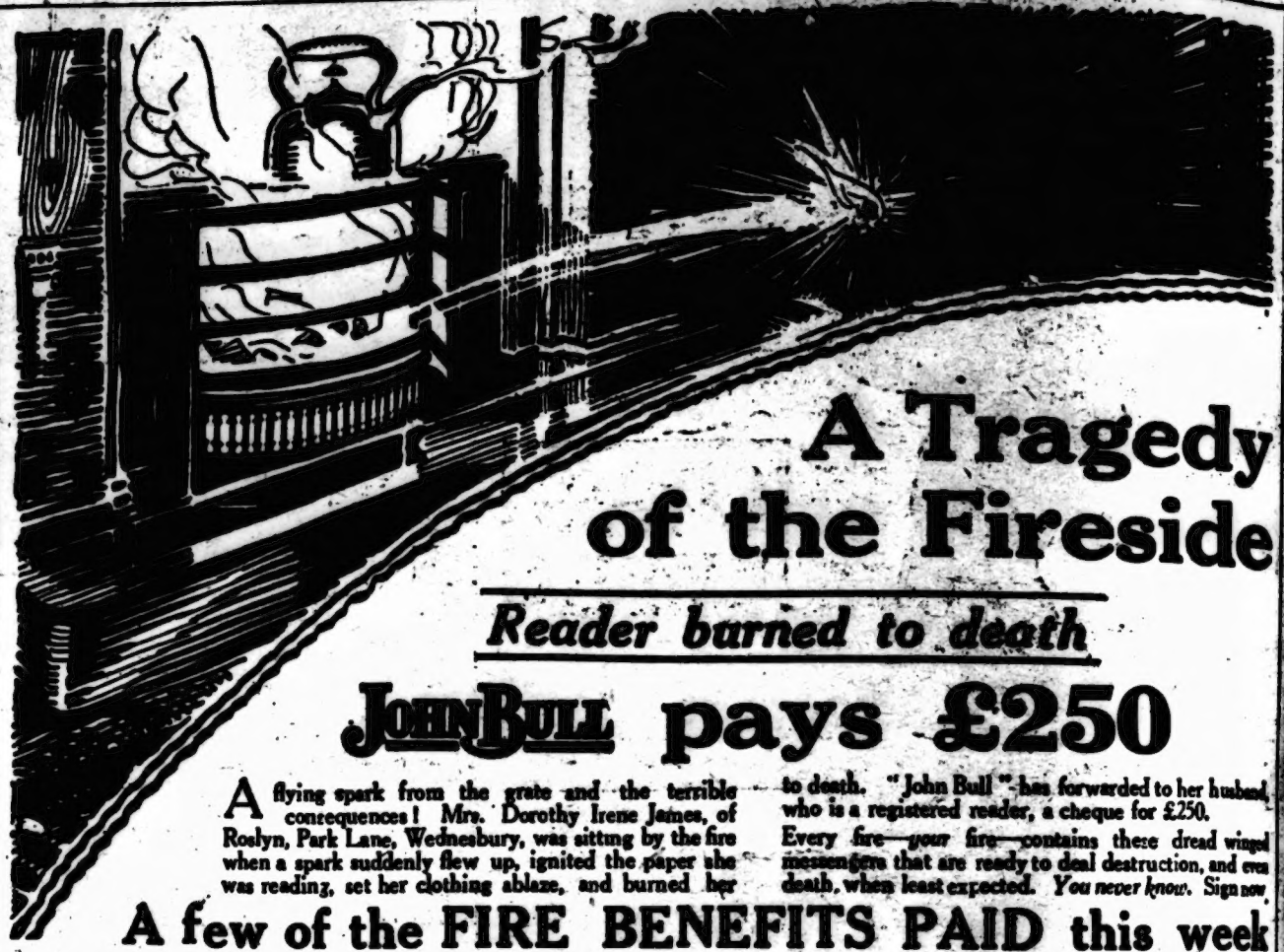
NEVER EXIST TOGETHER.

Miss . . . writes: "I do not wish my name to be published, but will thankfully state that after months of intense suffering from Neuritis, Esmolin afforded speedy relief. One bottle and a half entirely cured me." The original of this and hundreds of similar letters open to inspection.

SPECIAL "No Relief, No Pay" OFFER. Purchase (from chemist or direct) a 3/- bottle of ESMOLIN. Use half, and if you are not benefited return the unused portion and we will refund your money IN FULL. Small bottles, 1/3. Of all Chemists, or post free direct from

THE ESMOLIN CO., LTD., Dept. J.B., 110, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2.

FREE SAMPLES.—Sent for 1½d. stamp (postage only).



A Tragedy of the Fireside

Reader burned to death

JOHN BULL pays £250

A flying spark from the grate and the terrible consequences! Mrs. Dorothy Irene James, of Roslyn, Park Lane, Wednesbury, was sitting by the fire when a spark suddenly flew up, ignited the paper she was reading, set her clothing ablaze, and burned her to death. "John Bull"—has forwarded to her husband, who is a registered reader, a cheque for £250.

Every fire—*your* fire—contains these dread winged messengers that are ready to deal destruction, and even death, when least expected. *You never know.* Sign now.

A few of the FIRE BENEFITS PAID this week

BANBURY.—Mrs. W. F. McCLOSKIE, 108, Merton Street.
BOLTON.—Mrs. A. DUCK, 252, Waterloo Street.
NEWTON-LE-WILLOWS.—T. CLARKE, 132, Church Lane, Lowton.
ROTHERHAM.—J. BOWES, 10, Cross Street, Bramley.
NEATH.—Mrs. E. THOMPSON, 19, Exchange Road.
STAMFORD.—Mrs. M. A. SANDERS, 2, Thompson's Yard, Austin Street.
GILLINGHAM, KENT.—W. T. APPLETON, 85, Gardiner Street.
NORMANTON, YORKS.—T. LOWE, 66, Lascoe Street.
MACDUFF, N.B.—Mrs. W. WATSON, 1, High Shore.
WINDYGATES, FIFE.—J. MORRISON, Douglas Terrace, Leven Road.
LONG STRATTON, NORFOLK.—J. LEGGETT, Tharston.
ROTHERHAM.—J. BUNTING, 11, Katherleen Street, Goldthorpe.
PLUMSTEAD, S.E. 18.—Miss M. MCKNIGHT, 10, Malyn Road.
MIDDLESBROUGH.—Mrs. A. REED, 2, Walpole Street.
GUERNSEY.—F. J. TOPLAS, 1, George Street, St. Peters Port.
BRAUNTON, DEVON.—H. M. RICHARDS, Kittywell, Knowle.
LIVERPOOL.—W. W. WRIGHT, 31, Verney Crescent, Garston.
BUNGAY.—Mrs. M. A. RUMP, The Laundry, Broome.
NORWICH.—Mrs. E. A. COOK, Willow Farm, Tibenham, Tivertshall.
MIDDLETON, Nr. SAXMUNDHAM.—Mrs. A. E. KEEBLE, Causeway Cottage.
SHEFFIELD.—H. TURNER, 17, Ebenezer Street.
LEEDS.—Mrs. M. L. THOMPSON, 2, Hill Green.
CAWSEND, Nr. PLYMOUTH.—H. BOLITHO, Garrett Street.
WATTON-AT-STONE, Nr. HERTFORD.—T. W. SHEPPARD, 4, Bank Cottages.
BRADFORD.—A. WOOTTENDEN, 48, Bingley Street, Brownroyd.
PHILADELPHIA, Co. DURHAM.—Mrs. I. DIXON, 8, Lanton Street, New Herrington.
DONCASTER.—Mrs. H. EDWARDS, 2, Prospect Road, Toll Bar, Bentley.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. W. RUTTER, 81, Wilson Street, Dudley Road.
GLASGOW.—D. FRASER, 11, Rowchester Street.
EDINBURGH.—J. PETTIGREW, 73, Nicholson Street.
BY CARDENDEN, FIFESHIRE.—Mrs. G. DAVIE, 46, Dundonald Den.
HUDDERSFIELD.—C. H. GARTERY, Mount Pleasant, Thongs Bridge.
SWANSEA.—D. F. SLATTERY, 57, Powys Avenue, Town Hill.
TAUNTON, SOMERSET.—WM. PAYNE, 4, Victoria Street.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—J. SPROAT, 77, Amelia Street, Benwell.
BRIDGEND, PERTH.—Mrs. H. MCGREGOR, 2, Beck Wynd.
MANCHESTER.—Mrs. E. MILLAR, 26, Mill Street, Ancoats.
EDINBURGH.—Mrs. J. MIDDLEMISS, 11, Woodbine Terrace, Leith.

NEWSAGENTS' BONUS.—Bonuses in respect of the benefits paid this week have been paid to the Newsagents concerned.

Total Benefits now Paid 14,803

CUT HERE

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name..... Age.....
in full (CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address.....

.....

Reader's Signature.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

Date .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent on receipt of ½d. stamped addressed envelope.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. 7½/ps.

CUT HERE.

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address.....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. 7½/ps.

Presentation Coupon.

'John Bull' Pen Dept. Long Acre, London, W.C.2

Please send me the "John Bull" 5/- Pen and Free 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil. Engrave free the following name or initials on the Pen.

.....
(*Write in CAPITALS name or initials you wish engraved.*)

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

I enclose cheque/P.O. for 5/6 (including postage and cdg.). Cross "& Co." and make payable to "John Bull." State if fine, medium, broad nib. F.M.B. 7/2/25

John Bull's Great Gift to You

FREE!
2/6 EVERPOINTED PENCIL
FREE!
YOUR NAME ENGRAVED IN GOLD
TWO YEARS' GUARANTEE.
"IT"
I must congratulate you and myself as well on the remarkable value of your offer. The pen is simply "IT."
W. GARRICK, 19, Grove Rd., Portlar I.

"John Bull's" wonderful offer is gaining golden opinions everywhere. Readers who have not yet done so should send in their applications at once.

The Pen is fitted with heavy 14-ct. solid gold nib, iridium tipped. Equal to gold nibs at 17/6.

For Raw, Sore Throat

At the first sign of a sore throat, rub on Musterole. It goes right to the spot with a gentle tingle, loosens congestion, draws out the soreness.

A clean, white ointment made with oil of mustard, Musterole has all the strength of the old-fashioned mustard plaster, without the blister. Use Musterole for colds on the chest (it often prevents pneumonia), congestion, neuralgia and rheumatism.

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

MILLER'S

MUSTEROLE

Thos. Christy & Co., London

All the World loaned

Bicycles

of the pick of the Coventry ...s on the easiest of all Easy Pay... ...Dust Tyres, Three Speed Gears ...ely finished—from ... Rovers, Triumphs ... Royals, Beauties, Premiers, ... new for Free Lists and expert ...ce to:—GEORGE ELSE (Dept. 59), ... Cycle Dealer, COVENTRY.

FROM 2/- WEEKLY

2D a DAY buys this

BEDSTEAD

Very fine French pattern double bedstead, richly embellished with solid brass fittings, British Made throughout. This superb bedstead can be yours for 2/- down, and you can have it in your own home whilst you pay the low price in very easy monthly payments of 2/- a month (not more than 24, only). Write Illustrated, Bedsteads and Fillings, Cot, Wardrobes, Bedding and Metal Bedsteads, Cots, etc., also supplied on similar terms.

14 DAYS' FREE APPROVAL.

No risk at all. We send this Bedstead (or any other model you select) to you for a small deposit. Use it for 14 days and then if you are not entirely satisfied we will refund your money instantly. It's SAFE to deal with Selby. Send for Free Art Catalogue NOW.

The SELBY MFG. CO., Ltd.
(Dept. 315), 21a, Finsbury St., London, E.C. 2

Lift out Corn—root and all

Cutting corns, or using a so-called corn solvent, is useless. You have probably tried and know yourself how the corn always comes back again painful as ever in a week or less.

The only satisfactory way to deal with an obstinate corn is to take a Radox Foot Bath once or twice; *you can lift the whole corn out with your fingers.*

How Radox Bath Salts Remove Corns

When you dip your foot into a foot-bath containing Radox Bath Salts, the dead skin (which forms the corn) combines with the Radox Bath Salts to form a protein salt of the actual corn itself. This protein salt dissolves in the water like ordinary salt does, and so it is literally true to say that Radox Bath Salts actually dissolve your corn.

The Radox Bath Salt does not affect the living skin; it softens and refreshes this; it cannot dissolve it. It is only the dead skin—the corn—which it dissolves.

There is nothing left to ache: the corn is bodily removed. A Radox enthusiast writes:—"I was in the bath for about 20 to 25 minutes, and when I got out I thought I would see if my two corns would come out. They both came out easily by pulling them with the fingers. My feet are now perfectly comfortable and there is no soreness whatever . . . it is difficult to tell I ever had a corn on my foot.

On your way home to-night buy a packet of Radox Bath Salts at the chemists: ask for the pink packet price 1/6, double quantity 2/6.

1/6 *Half Pound Pink Packet*

Radox Bath Salts

E. GRIFFITHS HUGHES LTD., 107, DEANSGATE ARCADE, MANCHESTER.

Bald Men Grow Hair

Amazing Hair Growth on Bald Heads After Using Kotalko the Genuine Hair Grower. Not a Medicine. Rub on the Scalp where New Hair is Desired.

Mr. P. Tucker, from a photograph.

Was Quite Bald

Torrington, N. Devon.

After trying different Treatments without result, I was very disappointed, and thought I should be bald all my life, or else have to wear a wig.

Then I read about Kotalko, and decided to give it a trial. Please bear in mind that I was quite bald and my head was as shiny as could be when I started using your compound.

After I had used about two tins I found I had got hair coming all over my head. I continued to use it, and now I have got a good head of hair again, as shown in the photograph.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) P. Tucker.

ull Growth of Hair

Dublin.

hen I began using Kotalko I was bald. At the sides r the ears, and at the back, there was some hair, but he whole of the crown of my head, from the forehead wards, there was no hair at all.

sed Kotalko on the scalp until I noticed signs of a t down on parts of the head. Then I knew the roots not dead after all, so I went on using Kotalko, and ually the down changed into real hair which kept on wing, until at last the whole of my head was covered a full growth of hair in its natural colour just as it to be.

veryone who knows me has been surprised at seeing hair growing again, and several of my friends have dy ordered Kotalko, and are highly satisfied with it.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) Thomas Hayes.

Mr. Thomas Hayes, from a photograph.

ultitude of others, men and women, have used the remarkable compound—alko, with astonishing and delightful benefit in removing scurf, stopping lling out of hair, and in developing a new growth. This has been done in y cases where the baldness existed for years, and when many other hair ..., lotions, medicinal treatments, etc., had been unsuccessfully tried.

100,000 TESTING BOXES

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER
Send or Copy this COUPON

Please send me, post paid, Testing Box of KOTALKO with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

Name .....
Address .....
..... (53 FS)

KOTALKO has components of genuine bear fat (oil), juice of the rare pilocarpus plant and other potent ingredients from the three Kingdoms of Nature, in accord with the recipe of the original compound and modern improvements thereon. Mr. Brittain, who was bald, got a completely new hair growth. Later he secured the formula, and has since put Kotalko on sale.

A DISTRIBUTION OF 102,000 TESTING BOXES is now being made for those who apply—only one box to one person—either sex. To obtain a box it will only be necessary to send threepence in stamps to the address below.

HART BRITTAIN, Ltd., 2, Percy St. (53 FS), LONDON, W.1.

Coughs & Colds

When dryness at the throat or irritation in the nose tells you that a cough or a cold is impending, the time has come to take "VENO'S."

Thousands of people keep it ready for such an emergency. Do the same yourself. It may save you from serious trouble during the Winter.

Price 1/3, Family Size 3/- All Chemists.

VENO'S
LIGHTNING
COUGH CURE

The Mail Order Market

A Perfect Postal Service for Bargain-Hunters

WHEN ORDERING
Write name and address in block letters. Give exact description of goods required. Send Money and Treasury Notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL.

PAY FOR YOUR NEW SUIT AS YOU WEAR IT

Gent's Suits made to measure in the latest styles of cloth, perfectly tailored. Pay 10/- down and the rest in easy monthly instalments, until you have paid in all **59/6**

Before placing your order elsewhere write for patterns and simple Self-measurement Form.

J. B. THORNE & Co
36 LANGHAM ST, LONDON, W.1.

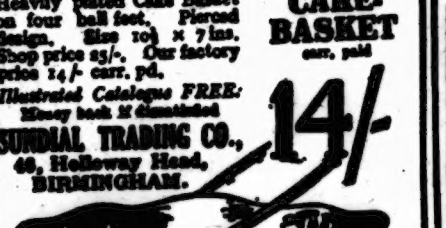
HANDSOME SILVER-PLATE
Beautiful E.P.N.S. Factory Prices.

Heavily plated Cake Basket on four ball feet. Pierced design. Size 10½ × 7 ins. Shop price 25/-. Our factory price 14/- carr. pd.

Illustrated Catalogue FREE: Money back if dissatisfied

SUNDIAL TRADING CO., 46, Holloway Head, BIRMINGHAM.

CAKE-BASKET carr. paid **14/-**



£6. 6s.
CABINET GRAND
(Model No. 2a)

Mahogany finished Cabinet, as illustrated, but not inlaid, reliable double-spring 3-record motor. High-grade sound-box and latest improvements.

Factory Price £6 : 6s.
or 6 monthly payments of £1 1s
No. 2 inlaid, as illustrated, £8 : 10 : 0
Direct from the Factory

Write for new Catalogue and deferred terms. A full range of models on view at

The Cabinet Gramophone Co.
Dept. J.B.1., 339 St. Pancras Rd., Camden Town, N.W.1
North 2138.

No. 2 "FULLSTONE" Carr. Paid U.K.

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OUR CYCLE and Guaranteed For

You can obtain a Cycle or beautiful Car on FREE AP... VAL, PACKED and CARRIAGE Prices and terms to all. Money refunded entirely satisfied. the finest materials cluding all the ... ments. ENTIRE BRITISH ... DIRECT ... FACTORY TO ...

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FREE!
Beautifully Coloured Art Folders. State whether Cycle or Baby Car required.
Write To-day!

JUNO CYCLE & BABY CAR CO., (Dept. D), Bishopsgate, London.

The Greatest Wireless Bargain Offered
GUARANTEED
3 Valve Set £8 15s.
With all Accessories. (*No Extras.*)

Mounted on Ebonite, in sloping Mahogany Cabinet, 14in. by 12in. by 9in. British made. Will receive all B.B.C. Stations and with Loud Speaker. *Complete with following accessories: Aerial, Lead-in Wire, Pair of 4,000 ohms Headphones, Accumulator, H.T. Battery Valves, Plugs, Insulators.*

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
Seen and demonstrated any time. Hundreds of satisfied customers.

Burroughs & Godfrey, 12, McDermott Rd., PECKHAM, S.E.

S.R.A.

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NEW PRICES MARKED LOW CLEARLY DOWN DURING SALE

POST FREE PATTERN BOOK contains Plain and Trimmed Casement Cloths, Trimmed Mosquito Nets, GUARANTEED FADELESS CLOTHS and Crossnet, also Illustrated List of Lace Curtains.

LUDLOWS F.13, The Looms, Bradford

It's Lucky!

The Ju-Ju Mascot—a reproduction of the famous Nigerian God of Luck—seems in a most marvellous manner to attract good fortune. Thousands are in use, and hundreds of wearers have voluntarily stated in writing that their luck has changed for the better upon acquiring one of these quaint talismans. Some people are born lucky—others wear a Ju-Ju. Start 1925 right with one. Satisfaction Guaranteed or cash refunded.

Sterling Silver, 5/- } Post
9ct. Gold, £1 } free.

JU-JU SOCIETY (Dept. J.B.)
Regent Buildings, Western Road, Haywards-on-Tyne.

Also from Gamage's, London.

2/a DAY PLAY while you pay

Here is a great chance to get a 5 years' guaranteed gramophone and records of fine tone on terms so easy that you will hardly know you are paying for them at all.

Free Art Catalogue sent on application.

14 DAYS' FREE APPROV

You can at once have any model of the famous (guaranteed) SELECT gramophones in your own ... Packed Free. Carriage Paid. You play it ... days. If you don't like it—send it back to us ... instalment is cleared. If you want to keep it ... monthly pay us the moderate price in monthly ... sums of 4/6 less than 2d. per day!. Write ... Art Catalogue and full particulars of these ... marvellous and records and the easy terms.

The Selby Manufacturing Co., ...
(Dept. 15).
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A special purchase of these wonderful timekeepers enables us to offer this 17/6 watch at the remarkable price of 12/-. We cannot repeat purchase—if you want a watch that will keep time for a lifetime—secure the bargain at once. Magnificent 7 Jewelled Keyless Lever, absolutely accurate, in handsome case. Over 10,000 satisfied customers rely on Cymrex Watches.

12/-

OLDFIELDS LTD., Old Post Office Place, LIVERPOOL.

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STYLISH COATS & WRAPS

Ladies should write at once for Graves Magnificent Display of Fashionable Coats.

All Garments warranted of best make throughout

From 5/- month

Each Garment direct Made to Measure in style and quality

Cash delivered to approved orders on receipt of first payment. Balance monthly, if satisfied. Money back if you are in any way disappointed.

Write for Patterns Complete range of Styles and Patterns of Cloth, Robes, Costumes, &c., Post Free State which you require.

J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield.

BIG BICYCLE BARGAINS
BEST VALUE EVER OFFERED.

Ask for List showing wide range of Models. B.S.A. ENFIELD, JAMES HUMBER.

65/- From CASH or any payments from 6/6 monthly. Special specifications.

Carriage Paid any station England or Wales. Cash 5% Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Returned.

HEARN CYCLE CO., LTD. (Dept. V.), 234, Tottenham Court Rd., London, W.1.

Mackintoshes

Guaranteed waterproof Ladies' and Gent's, double-breasted rain-proofs, smartly cut in NAVY or FAWN Gaberdine, proofed throughout best rubber. Seams sewn as well as reinforced. Storm tabs on collar and cuffs. Worth 20/-. Our factory price only 15/6 post free.

15/6

Chest sizes: 34, 36, 38, 42 & 46 ins. Lengths: 44, 46, 48 and 50 ins.

Children's sizes for Boys and Girls.

12/6 worth 21/-, our price 12/6 post free. Lengths: 30, 32, 34, 36 and 40 ins.

Money back if dissatisfied.

Send to-day to the EMPIRE TRADING Co.

Dept. J.B.1, 46, HOLLOWAY HEAD, BIRMINGHAM.

GRAMOPHONE MFG. CO. (Dept. J.B.1)
92, TOTTENHAM COURT RD.,
LONDON, W.1.

MODEL No. 2A

Illustrating one of our popular Mahogany finished models fitted with our famous Swiss Double Spring Unwound motor, powerful, reliable and even running, coupled with special sound chamber design which is essential to perfect reproduction. Send for our 1925 Illustrated List and Particulars of OUR GRADUAL PAYMENT SYSTEM for Gramophones and Records.

£5 19 6

Packed free and carriage paid to any part of the United Kingdom.

Your money refunded in full if not satisfied.

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Send To-Day for Post Free PATTERN BOOK

SALE at 3½D per yard

WONDERFUL BARGAINS
60 inch TAPESTRIES at 1/6½ per yd. Our patterns best obtainable actual qualities and designs of Jacquard, Tapestry, Brocade, Chenille, Casement, etc.

CASEMENT MFG. CO. (Dept. J.B.)
Albion Street, Mills, Manchester.

HEADPHON
YOURS for

Genuine 4,000 ohms resistance "Brightsun" ... headphones, heavily nickelled. Comfortable adjustable head-band. Laminated adjustable magnets and highly sensitive diaphragms. Fully guaranteed 5 years.

BRIGHTSUN (BRIGHTON), Ltd. Dept. 1925, 94, Queen's Road, Brighton, Sussex.

I offer magnificent horn and hornless models in oak or mahogany with any number of records on fourteen days' Free trial, packed free and Carriage paid. First instalment only secures immediate delivery. Write for free Book. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Thousands of Testimonials.

Chas. T. Bates
The Pioneer Gramophone Specialist
12½ COVENTRY.

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'THIRTY'
SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND

The World's finest Cutlery Value. Every piece warranted 'best quality'

3/- per month

Graves 'Thirty' Service Contains: 6 Stainless Steel Dessert Knives with ivory-grained handles, 6 Dessert Forks, 6 Dessert Spoons, 6 Tea Spoons, 1 Table Spoon, 1 Salt Spoon, 1 Mustard Spoon (all mounted to wear white throughout) and 1 pair stainless Sheffield Steel Carvers with finest Fiorentine handles. Price £3/0/0

SEND DELAYER the Graves 'Thirty' service on approval orders for 5/- now, and 5/- monthly. Money back if not all satisfactory.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE of the finest Cutlery and Plate, Tableware Specialities, &c. Post Free.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

BIG BOOK of BARGAINS

FREE!

Send a postcard to-day to the Factory for the Big FREE Book that is saving cash for thousands! Its pages are crowded with startling offers in Jewellery and Watches for the handsome and reliable. Most watch shown here and there are quite old FREE PRIZES for all lovers. Write now!

H. SAMUEL LTD. 169, market street, MANCHESTER.

Free TO THE Deaf

WE will present a pair of "Arti... free, to all applicants ... within fourteen days from date of ... paper. Absolutely no charge ... obligation.

Articaids for the Deaf

Invisible Appliance for the Deaf, ... better, fits right inside ear, ... light, washable. Simply write your ... and address and enclose this advt. ... and 6 stamps to—

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Prepaid Rate: 8s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge, 24s.

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EXCEPTIONAL Value is offered to small traders in Hosiery, Underwear, Blouses, Jumpers, Overalls, Shirts, Collars, Ties, etc. Illustrated Catalogue Free.—S. Mosco, Dept. J.B., 9, Dover Street, Piccadilly, Manchester.

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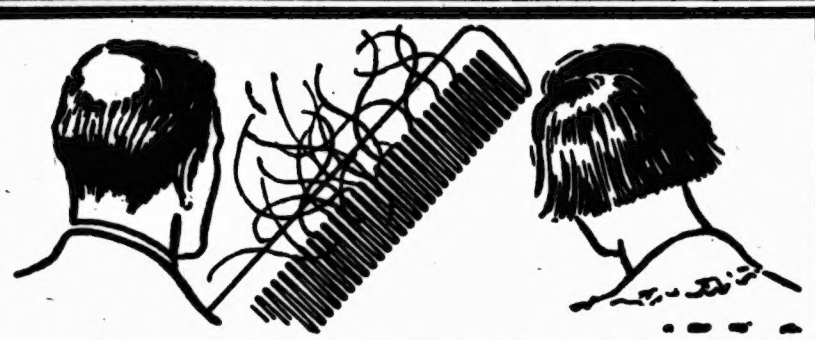

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GENUINE GOVERNMENT GOODS sold under guaranteed satisfaction or cash returned in full. Bedford Cord Riding Breeches, 11/9; Khaki Trousers, 6/6; all-leather Army Boots, any size, 11/9; Rubber Knee Boots, 17/9; part-worn, sound, 10/6; Army Blankets, 4/6; Army Socks, 1/3; Rubber Sheets, 6 ft. 3 ft., 3/6. List and samples FREE.—H. J. Gasson and Sons, Rye, Sussex.

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SETS, Parts, 'Phones, Speakers. Easy Payments 1925. Catalogue now ready.—Wireless Distributing Co., Ltd., Wireless House, Stoke Newington Road, N.16.

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BLUSHING, NERVOUSNESS.—A remarkable book on genuine cure sent privately, 3d.—Mr. Rivers (J.B.16), 40, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1.

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CLEAR SKIN guar. All Pimples, Blackheads, Blotches, Blemishes, banished by "CLERA," the marvellous new lotion. Brochure, Testimonials Free.—Marygolds, 67, St. Albans.

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DR. MARIE STOPES' "Letter to Working Mothers" fully explains birth control methods for the poor and thrifty; 4½d., post free.—Medical Co. (Dept. J.B.), 17, Store St., W.C.1.

A FREE Sample of Glax-Ovo—the food that repairs as the body wears—will be sent free to all readers who forward the coupon on page 28.

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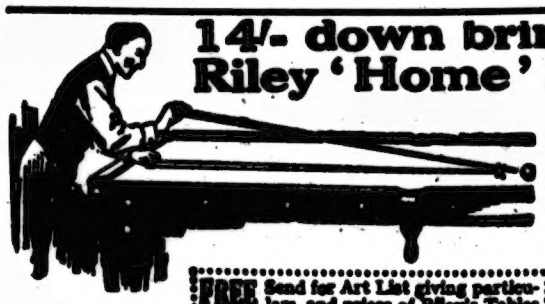

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Vol. XXXVII. No. 975.
Week ending Saturday,
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This Week—

Special Articles by:

The Rev. G. A. Studdert-Kennedy ("Woodbine Willie") on "Why Class Hatred?" .. p. 13
Dr. R. J. Campbell .. .. p. 8
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Charles Pilley .. .. p. 20
One Thousand Prizes for Cross Word Enthusiasts—see p. 30

The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

stminster Storms.
t will not take long when Parliament re-embles to see whether Mr. Baldwin is heading success or failure. Storms are going to rage nd the head of more than one Minister.

de Shocks.
Members who have been visiting their constitu-ies are perturbed to find that the people lly do expect the Government to carry out tion pledges. And they mean to enquire t is proposed to be done.

latter of Urgency.
What is the Cabinet going to do about the eva Protocol? On its decision hangs the ibility of a new disarmament conference, on that hangs the future peace of the world.

e a Move!
reat Britain is in danger of appearing to the d as a deliberate block in the path of progress. up to Mr. Chamberlain to take an early ortunity of dispelling the delusion.

America!
ecause America has been given a share in proceeds of the Dawes Scheme, her statesmen complaining that they have been "trapped" participating in European politics. But not America can have it both ways!

We Said.
me weeks ago we forecast the withdrawal he stupid threat to deprive Egypt of her er share of the Nile water. Now comes al confirmation. Whenever statesman and arist clash, the latter is always wrong!

g in Smoke.
e second Opium Conference at Geneva is ng as futile and hypocritical as the first proved ive. It is a crying scandal that civilisation ot agree to purge itself of this disease.

Words to France.
are getting tired of sentimental oratory to e indebtedness. We shall respect our neigh-as soon as she publicly and unreservedly s full responsibility for all war debts, and a conference to discuss ways of settlement.

Lift the Veil!
While Lord Reading openly admits the wide-spread activities of sedition in India, accurate knowledge is still withheld from the people of this country. Is there no Minister with sufficient courage to tell us the truth?

Prussian Problems.
Although the new German Government has declared in favour of maintaining the Republic, a Hohenzollern restoration is being seriously discussed. It behoves the Allies to keep a wary eye on the friends and supporters of that discredited impostor, ex-Kaiser Wilhelm.

Cross Roads.
Lloyd George may yet provide as startling a political somersault as that achieved by Winston Churchill. He has only two choices—either to get on or to get out.

Whitewashing.
The Maclean Report is nothing but a transparent device for disguising the disunity that still rends the Liberal Party. At best it only postpones the snag of leadership.

Money isn't Everything.
Meanwhile, Lloyd George has the "war chest," and Sir John Simon has the ability and the confidence of the Party. There will be a pretty struggle for supremacy between these two factors. And our tip is Sir John Simon.

The Moles are Working.
The impending trouble on the railways and in the mines cannot be over-estimated. Every endeavour is being made to create machinery that will ensure a general strike to enforce nationalisation.

A Lead Wanted.
Has Mr. Baldwin an industrial policy? Or is he, too, waiting on Fate? No doubt the Government is "looking into" all these problems—from a safe distance. But what is wanted are practical proposals and the courage to enforce them.

Trouble Brewing.
Unless prompt steps are taken the country will soon be in the throes of another building strike. The Minister of Labour ought to set investigations on foot before it is too late to avert a stoppage. And he can take it from us he has not much time.

House Hunger.
We wait in vain for any sign that Mr. Neville Chamberlain realises that shortage of skilled labour is no adequate reason for not building. Unskilled men can be taught—as the war demonstrated again and again.

Bring in the Unemployed.
The root trouble remains what it has always been. Until some way is found of making the trade unions allow dilution, little progress can be made in any direction.

The Feeble Farce.
Sir Auckland Geddes says the meat trade is "very mysterious." So it is, and we cannot see anything being done to lighten the mystery. Prices are not reduced by trite comments.

Opulent Butchers.
Evidence before the Food Commission showed that last June, owing to a glut, the price of beef at Smithfield fell to less than 4d. a pound, yet the consumer still paid 1s. 6d. a pound in the shops! This seems to fix the blame all right.

Names, Please!
What we know is that some people are making extortionate profits out of food. What we want to know is who they are. Unless Sir Auckland can tell us that, let him put the shutters up.

One-sided.
The wholesale price of tea is tumbling down, but the consumer, it seems, is not to benefit. The great law of "supply and demand" would appear to be a private possession of those who control the supply.

Going Up.
The millers and the bakers are making another attempt to rescue themselves from penury by again increasing the price of the loaf. It becomes clear that no remedy will avail until consumers find methods of helping themselves.

The Real Problem.
So long as our agricultural organisation remains inadequate and unscientific, so long will food profiteers have the nation by the throat. A vastly increased production would go far to checkmate them.

What About It?
When the whole of the land of Britain is open to labour, the eternal problem of Food Prices will be solved. If the Liberal Party has forgotten that "God gave the land for the people," we haven't.

It Certainly Is!
"Coal," says the *Daily Mail*, "is too dear." Naturally the only remedy that presents itself to our contemporary is further to reduce the starvation wages already being paid to miners. Has it never heard of the coal merchants? Or of high freightage?

Nobody Wants Them.
"We all get these circulars," said a judge, trying a money-lender's case. Exactly: that is our complaint. Will the Postmaster-General take steps to see that in future no one gets them?

Looking Forward.
We are glad to see that the Home Secretary has realised that "the object of prisons is to keep people out of them." We sincerely trust that this presages a long overdue measure of penal reform.

Problems of Life.

Great and Small

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

THE reflection is often made that the individual human being is of contemptibly small account when viewed over against the illimitable whole of things to which he belongs.

Like many celebrities, Tennyson was a shy man, and it is said that when entering a drawing-room full of highly-placed personages it was his habit to get his proportions right in his own mind by thinking about the stupendous immensities of the starry heavens.

Carlyle once grasped a friend by the arm on a brilliant night and bade him look up.

"A wonderful sight!" was the response—"a very fine sight indeed."

"Fine?" ejaculated the sage. "Man, it's awfu', just awfu'."

To anyone of imagination that is exactly the word that describes the sublime panorama wherein the ball upon which we dwell is as a speck of dust.

Contrasted with the splendours of Orion and Arcturus mankind is but a mote dancing in a sunbeam.

PONDER the following sombre summary of our human story as penned by a gifted writer:

"A myriad of men are born; they labour and sweat and struggle for bread; they squabble and scold and fight; they scramble for little mean advantages over each other . . . and they vanish from a world where they were of no consequence; where they achieved nothing; where they were a mistake and a failure and a foolishness; where they have left no sign that they have existed—a world which will lament them a day and forget them for ever."

Is any other verdict than this possible?

Yes; and all men know it when they are true to the best that life has shown them.

The whole of starry space is contained within the mind that views it.

The whole procession of human life from the beginning of time is not sufficient to exhaust the potentialities of the humblest soul that enters into it.

AND can that perish which can thus contemplate and mirror the whole?

No mind can envisage its own extinction.

In the words of Rabbi Ben Ezra:

All that is, at all,
Lasts ever, past recall.
Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure.

That any self-conscious being should exist at all is far more wonderful than that he should continue to exist for ever.

There is more of the stuff of eternity in the soul of a child than in an infinity of mindless worlds.

* * *

**** Many of Dr. Campbell's previous articles have just been published in book form under the title of "A Book of Homely Wisdom" (5s. John Lane).*

The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

London's Plague Spots.

The recent disclosures of the number and character of the night clubs in London show how well founded our campaign has been. It is satisfactory to learn that legislative action is at last being prepared.

Watch Mrs. Grundy!

Parliament must, however, be alert and see that no new "Dora" is foisted on to a long-suffering public. The crusade against the disreputable night club must not become a lever for meddling puritans.

Hot Air.

Like all communists, the National Minority Movement does not suffer from verbal sterility. And, as usual, its "gas" generates more heat than light!

Peaceful Penetration.

The serious part is that A. J. Cook, an avowed "Red," has captured the leadership of the miners. And others will follow unless the trade unions prevent such coups succeeding.

The Last Wanderer.

As we were the first to prophesy, Mr. Frank Hodges has been nominated for the post of Secretary of the Miners' International. He would, of course, much prefer to regain his old job, but that is no longer possible.

"Pip" Still Squeaking.

On the theory that if he repeats a thing often enough it becomes true, Lord Rothermere continues to label educational expenditure as "extravagance." Unfortunately for him, his readers have already had too much benefit from this "extravagance" to believe in his theory!

Business is Business.

There is little doubt that the Post Office surplus can well allow a return to the Penny Post. Mr. Churchill should not be allowed to touch the profits of a purely business department in order to subsidise some other part of the State machinery.

Grotesque.

"About money," says Lord Hugh Cecil, "we have no common sense." Since we borrowed war debt when the pound was worth 13s., and are expected to repay with pounds worth 20s., we rather think his Lordship is right.

Out of Date.

It is strange to think that we are nearly the only civilised country that still retains a system of imprisonment for debt. If this antiquated law were abolished money-lenders would find their claws neatly trimmed.

The Penniless Kindergarten.

The British Fascisti is in a bad way financially—practically bankrupt, in fact. But who, save B.F.s, would spend £500 on badges, £143 on ties, and £53 on Christmas cards?

Contrariwise!

Once, the Finnish people were sober. Prohibition was introduced. "Now," say investigators, "everybody drinks." We mention this, not so much to combat Prohibition as to invite all moral Jeremiahs to ponder the moral it contains.

The One Bright Spot.

The inhabitants of Pokesdown petitioned the manager of the Southern Railway to change the name of their station. He refused, believing, we have no doubt, that here at last was something for which no one could justly blame him!

The Other Side.

It is pleasant to read that the Earl of Coventry attributes his sixty years of happy married life to the care and devotion of his wife, whom he calls "his helper and friend." It is as well to realise that while the Divorce Courts get all the publicity they do not really reflect the whole of life.

A Fireside Tragedy
"JOHN BULL" PAYS £250
See page 2.

How the Poor Die.

Matthew Hood was down and out, and a bout of pneumonia had made him nervous of sleeping out these winter nights. He limped into Spalding Police Station, said he had stolen a pair of boots, and was eventually committed for trial. They found him in his cell dead from bronchitis. Poverty and sickness were his "crimes."

Never Mind the Humans!

Having conveyed 192 geese under such overcrowded conditions that 45 were dead and 24 had to be slaughtered, the London & North-Eastern Railway Company has had to pay a fine of £10. On some companies' lines human beings are almost equally packed in passenger trains at week-ends and holiday times, and there are no prosecutions. Why?

Red by Necessity.

It only required one night of street-walking for Thomas Lambert, his wife and six children, who had been evicted, to turn him into a direct actionist. And so he seized an empty house at Rawmarsh, moved his furniture and family into it, and defied the law. Sympathy is on the side of Lambert. Even animals will protect their young. It is the nation's social conditions that breed Bolshevism.

Valueless Warders.

When Edwin George Williams was before Judge Atherley Jones on a criminal charge, his lordship was told how Williams had saved the life of a warder and been thanked by the governor. The judge sent him back to prison for three years, explaining the severity of the sentence by saying, "I cannot see any redeeming features in your past career." Is the life of a warder so valueless that to save it is not a redeeming feature?

Punishment to Fit the Crime.

Having been sentenced at Leeds Assizes to three years' penal servitude for assaulting a little girl, Albert Barker had the audacity to apply for leave to appeal. We are glad to note that the Court of Criminal Appeal refused the application, holding that the sentence was not too severe, and we hope that local Justices, who are often far too lenient in such cases, will profit by this intimation of what may be considered reasonable punishment for these detestable crimes against innocent childhood.

Part Time Postmen.

Signing on at the Labour Exchange a reader saw that part-time postmen were required. Being anxious to obtain work he applied for the job and got it. For a fortnight he was employed twenty-seven hours a week, for which he was paid £1 8s. 10d. Then his hours were reduced to twenty-four a week and his wages to £1 3s. 4d. Lately he has been given duty for only thirteen hours a week at a wage of 13s. 3½d. We do not wonder that many men prefer the dole to work and wages of this sort.

Driven To Steal.

When Ethel Maud Orum was charged with theft at Birmingham, she pleaded that she stole to obtain nourishment for her seven children, one of whom was ill with pneumonia. A detective who made enquiries stated that the case was one of the most pitiful he had been called upon to deal with, but that the Citizens' Society had nothing supplied milk and eggs and bed-clothes. The poor mother was mercifully bound over, but it seems a shameful thing that she should have been driven to steal before attention was drawn to her terrible distress.

Dancing the Dole Away.

It now appears that the dole is to be spent not in righteous but in riotous living. In a Thames-side paper an advertiser urges "Unemployed Girls and Fellows" to "drown your sorrows and spend your dole dancing every Monday at St. Stephen's Hall, St. Margaret's, 8 o'clock till 11.30; admission 1s. You get love, life and laughter more so here than any other dance hall in the world without exaggerating." What only on Mondays? Are the girls and fellows expected to spend it all in one evening?

t of Mischief.

Sir Henry Dickens is carrying on our campaign ainst long firm frauds by putting offenders t of mischief for as long as possible. Judah m and Reuben Dragovitch are now out of the y for four and three years respectively. Well, ere's more to come.

ngues of Hell.

Perhaps the worst penalty of many that a public n has to face is the readiness of slanderous ngues to vilify his personal character. The dication of the Rev. Bertram Edwards, vicar Gayton, ought to put a curb to such venomous sip. But we fear it won't. Doctors share h clergymen the fear of this form of assault. s the vilest form of cowardly attack and is y used by cowards.

m Surgery to Cadgery.

nother fraudulent cadger is at work using the ed name of hospital healing as his call-bird. s trying to sell "souvenirs of Wembley for the efit of the London Hospital." So gullible are e members of the public that they part with ey to this man on the strength of his state- t that he has been a surgeon at the hospital thirty years. He is one of the deep-dyed ostors warned off by Lord Knutsford.

s or Shebeens?

e Birmingham Licensing Justices are waking o the fact that many clubs in the city are illicit drinking-dens. No one wants to inter- with the genuine working-man's club, which ides real social amenities; but the fact that number of these places has almost doubled thewar suggests the need for sharper oversight.

a Biter is Bitten.

r the sake of saving £5 Messrs. De La Rue E. N. Aske of the Drummond Construction Ltd., Ickenham, risked ruining the reputation honest man by declaring that they had paid hat sum when they had not done so. Judge lfred Tobin, in giving judgment against them, cterised their efforts as deliberate and pt perjury. It is poetic justice that the a of dishonesty which they intended for nocent man has thus been applied to them-

hearted Convicts.

er a lecture on the lifeboat service had been at Camp Hill Prison, Isle of Wight, the National Lifeboat Institution received from vernor a cheque for 9s., representing dona- by the prisoners out of the 1s. 6d. a week they are able to earn by good behaviour siduity in their allotted tasks. Men who ly sacrifice their little luxuries in this way ave in them the making of worthy citizens.

an Parents.

case brought before the Warrington Borough Court by the N.S.P.C.C. it was stated n inspector had found a little boy, three- half years old, shut up in a coal-hole with ds tied behind his back. His body was a f bruises and lacerations caused by a belt and his face was badly discoloured. It red that the parents, after administering ful chastisement, had pinioned him and flung o the coal-hole. The maximum sentence months' imprisonment imposed upon them nadequate for such shocking brutality.

earted Landlords.

ld man whose only means of support was Age Pension was sued at Bridgend County by Kenfig Homes, Ltd., for damages for o deliver up possession of a house. Appar- e had aroused the enmity of his landlords ng shelter to two homeless families and to turn them into the street at the f the company on account of the children. ge put it very pointedly to the plaintiff that they should not enforce any that he might award, but they insisted ey would do so, whereupon His Honour the old fellow to pay 5s. and costs at the . a month.

Poultry and Promises.

Some of the people who, for the Jewish feasts, supplied poultry to Williams & Co., of 172, Green Street Market, E.1, and Mr. R. Harvey, of 6, Devonshire Street, E.1—who worked together for a time and now blame each other for the delay in payment—are still looking for their money. We certainly think that if these gentlemen do not soon make some arrangement to pay their unsatisfied clients, they must not object to getting the bird in quite a different way to that in which they got the poultry.

War Widows, Beware!

War widows and others who lost loved ones on the battlefields are warned against impostors who are touring the country touting for orders for bronze replicas of the Unknown Soldier's shrine in Westminster Abbey at £3 3s., and obtaining payment in advance. One of them who has recently been busy collecting money in this way in Cornwall represented himself as coming from the War Office, a story which is entirely without foundation. A year or so ago several rascals were sent to prison for a similar ramp.

Fools and Fortune.

According to a circular headed "The O'Brien Super-System Service" and a periodical called "La Petite Araignée," the Money Spinner, which is being sent out from Premier House, 150, Southampton Row, W.C., James Earl O'Brien, a former stockbroker's accountant, of New York City, U.S.A., has discovered a betting system which has been operated on American and Canadian race tracks with emphatic success and earned huge profits. Only a fool would offer to sell such a secret for a few paltry guineas, and only fools would place any faith in this sort of philanthropy as an aid to fortune.

Once Bitten, Twice Shy.

Since the disappearance of Henry Gordon Lewin, the guiding light of Lendal, Ltd., people whom he lured into a morass of debt and difficulty have received a confidential letter from Horsnell and McGarry, 68, Seven Sisters Road, Holloway, N., saying, "We understand that the financial firm with whom you have been doing business has closed down, and as you may possibly be in need of further financial assistance, we desire to tender you our services." It would be interesting to know how they obtained the names and addresses of Lewin-Lendal's victims, who, having been bitten once, should be twice shy.

Seedtime and Harvest.

Horace Taylor, of Chatteris, Cambridgeshire, whose method of swindling poor smallholders out of money paid for seed potatoes we exposed last year, has been sent to prison for six months for offences under the Bankruptcy Act. Now that this rogue has received a little of his deserts, perhaps the authorities will turn their attention to the Chatteris Produce Co., Ltd., whose equally shameful swindling of poor smallholders out of their potato crops we have recently made public.

Percy's Pals.

The latest advertisement of W. Percy Cort, of 435, Strand, W.C., whose lure of businesses purchased by instalments we have repeatedly exposed, is a pretty example of bombast. He says he "has had the honour of being confidential private financier to ex-Cabinet Ministers, members of the House of Lords, M.P.s, officers of H.M. Navy, Army and Air Force, and professional and commercial men of high standing." Not a word of the dozens of dupes whose experiences have been recounted in these columns.

Lures for Lonely Girls.

A correspondent rashly rushes to the rescue of the Universal Correspondence Club, which he considers we condemned unjustly in connection with the terrible experience of a young girl at the hands of the blackguard Boyce, who was shown to have got into touch with many girls through this organisation. He suggests that the girl should have made sure what kind of man she was corresponding with. It is just because the U.C.C. neglects this obvious duty, and makes no effort to exclude undesirable persons from its membership, that we deem it worthy of nothing but the severest possible condemnation.

A Snare for Simpletons.

Harry Osmond, of 89, Regent Street, Swindon, who declares that his business is one of the largest in the country, an assertion which we take leave to doubt, reaches the limit in impudence among touting bookmakers. In a circular letter which is before us, and which appears to be widely circulated at random from a directory, he says, "An account, strictly credit, has been opened in your name, and I feel sure you will not send wagers to me in excess of what you can afford to lose, therefore I shall not tie you down to a weekly limit." The fact that he neither asks nor offers references should be sufficient to dissuade everyone except simpletons from sending him anything at all.

The Human Machine.

Never Say Die!

By E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

A GOOD many people who think they lack self-confidence would find, with a little closer thought, that their real trouble is an overplus of self-consciousness.

In many cases such self-consciousness has its root in the existence of some physical defect—such as lameness, stammering, and the like.

The victim is so conscious of his disability that he feels sure everyone else is equally conscious of it. It acts as a drag on all his activities, as a constant drain on his energies.

In the end he probably ities himself hugely.

And by doing thisphe helps no one—not even himself. Self-pity merely manufactures hatred—hatred of one's fellows, of the world, of life.

Yet the sufferer might well take heart of grace as he looks through history.

Demosthenes will be famous for all time as the silver-tongued orator of ancient Greece.

Yet Demosthenes stammered!

Mozart, one of Music's Immortals, did not let his disability stifle his genius.

For Mozart had a defective ear!

Byron had a club foot; Pope was a cripple; Milton did his greatest work after he lost his sight.

One and all they refused to be hampered. They wasted no time in self-pity. They refused to be self-conscious.

But there are too many people to whom Emerson's words would apply: "What you are stands over you and thunders so that I cannot hear what you say to the contrary."

Don't let what you are blacken life with its shadow. Let what you will be, what you can be, guide your endeavours and your thoughts.

If you lack in one direction, be sure you can weigh down the balance in another.

Obstacles can be overcome.

After all, what the world wants are the gifts you have—it cares nothing for those you lack.

A PAIR OF PREYING PASTORS

THE MYSTERY OF A CLERICAL COLLAR

Plain Questions for Plain Answers

HOW much longer are the people of Dundee and Aberdeen going to encourage in their midst that extraordinary organisation, the Northern Evangelistic Association and the City and Central Mission, which has its headquarters at 6, Schoolhill, Aberdeen?

We find it rather hard to believe the statement of a gentleman who calls himself the Rev. A. J. Matthews, that criticism passed on this organisation in JOHN BULL has not affected collectors in Aberdeen very much. If this is so, the people of Aberdeen are more complacent than we could have supposed.

The Rev. J. R. Penrose.

But we do not believe it is so, for elsewhere Mr. Matthews says that what they have to suffer through JOHN BULL is nothing to the struggles they had to endure in the early days of the Salvation Army, in which organisation he was once an officer but with which he has now no connection.

Mr. Matthews now occupies the position of Minister, Superintendent and General Secretary of this evangelistic outfit. We have no hesitation in saying that the way he and his colleagues work it is a standing disgrace.

For example, he and his coadjutor—who is described as the Rev. J. R. Penrose, the Organising Secretary for Scotland and Ireland—recently appointed a collector for Dundee. They gave him a salary of 20s. a week with a house, and deducted 8s. a week for rent from his 20s. salary.

This collector was to make up a living income by door-to-door collections, when he was not holding missions, and from what he collected he was to deduct 5s. in the £ for himself.

This is a most reprehensible way of collecting money from the public, even if that money were spent in helping poor children—the plea on which it was asked for. But the collector could find no evidence that any free treats for children, or similar help, had been given in Dundee on any appreciable scale.

Perhaps he was misinformed. He certainly complains that he could not get much information about the organisation. Neither can many other people who would like to see a balance-sheet.

But what he did get was a remarkable proposition—that he should proceed to the Orkney and Shetland Islands and there collect money in the name of the poor children of Aberdeen and Dundee.

Perhaps it was thought that the simple islanders would not ask for balance-sheets, and would, perhaps, believe that their money would all be spent, without deduction, on free breakfasts for starving little ones.

An Audacious Disguise

But the amazing thing is that it was suggested to this collector that if he decided to go to the Northern Islands it would be advisable to allow him to wear a clerical collar, which might also help him to get into the churches to preach!

Now the man to whom this suggestion was made was a layman who had never pretended to be anything else, and though the suggestion was afterwards withdrawn, it gives one an idea of the astonishing and incredible laxity with which this organisation is run.

Matthews, it may be added, has suggested that Penrose is not loyal—another indication that things are not as they should be.

Cannot the people of Dundee and Aberdeen take this matter up effectively and insist on some adequate public explanation as to what becomes of the funds collected by these people from the charitably disposed? We say that only a very small proportion of these funds reaches the poor and destitute children for whom they are collected.

Where the Money Goes

We think that local public opinion should be immediately concentrated on this question because we are informed that a fresh collecting campaign, in addition to the effort in the Orkneys, is being arranged for Ireland and England. Moreover, they have been collecting in England for years.

Do the people of these two great Scottish cities approve of this long-distance cadging for their local obligations? If they do not, and do not speak out about it, people far away may assume that they are dealing with an organisation which is respectable abroad and respected at home.

They might also ask how many people are on the salary list of this organisation, how many of them are related to one another, and how many collectors are employed on the objectionable deduction-for-salary basis. They might also enquire what value is attached in religious circles to the title of "Reverend" used by Mr. Penrose and Mr. Matthews.

Until these questions are answered, the people of Dundee and Aberdeen must not complain if organisations purporting to act on their behalf are criticised by us and also repudiated by the Charity Organisation Society.

Wirelessed Into Space

Limited capital, unlimited cheek!

FAILING the possession of capital, there is nothing like a good name to trade on, and this was no doubt present in the mind of E. P. Higgins when he commenced business about a year ago.

He chose to style himself "The Western Union Wireless Company," a title well calculated to convey an impression of some connection with a well-known telegraph concern bearing a similar name; and having made this bold bid to secure the confidence of the public, he announced his readiness to supply all manner of wireless apparatus.

Having been established a month or two he set about relieving himself of the burden of personal responsibility for any losses which might be sustained in trading, while leaving himself free to participate in any profits, by the simple expedient of the formation of a limited liability company.

Thus we find that Permion, Ltd., was registered at Somerset House to carry on the business at 5-6, Regent Place, Regent Street, W., with a nominal capital of £100 in 2,000 shares of 1s. each. The first and only subscribers were E. P. Higgins, A. S. Moss, and Abraham Black (formerly Schwartz), who each dived deep into their pockets and produced one shilling, and were in due course returned as directors.

Though this trio apparently had no great riches, since they could find only the limited capital of 3s. between them, they had the splendid name of "The Western Union Wireless Co.," which they continued to use, and they also possessed unlimited cheek.

They printed note paper and price lists and issued advertisements in grandiose style, including "Telephones: Gerrard 7000, connecting all depts. Gerrard 1695, wholesale only."

Many people sent them money for wireless apparatus which, on being tested, proved to be as dud as the company. Complaints and requests for the return of the money paid were ignored, and after several of our letters inviting attention to the grievances of some of our readers had produced only promises which were never fulfilled, we endeavoured to get into touch with the concern on the telephone.

We were informed by the supervisor that there was no such number as Gerrard 7000 in the Exchange, and no subscriber with the number Gerrard 1695!

A personal visit to 5-6, Regent Place disclosed an empty shop with a padlock on the door, which still bore the fine name of "The Western Union Wireless Co."

The present whereabouts of E. P. Higgins, A. S. Moss and Abraham Black (formerly Schwartz), are matters to which we invite the attention of the proper authorities.

A Slippery Pole

And his debt-dodging devices

JOSEPH BROMBERG, hair-dresser, tobacconist and confectioner, of 5, St. Thomas Street, London Bridge, who arrived from Poland in 1905, seems to have fully mastered the art of stocking retail premises at the expense of wholesalers.

In February, 1923, after dabbling in cloth and millinery at 45A, Jewry Street, E.C., he had a bankruptcy, with debts of £1,612, and assets which, valued at £73, only realised £2 17s. Not discouraged by such a reverse, he was in business once more before the end of the year at the London Bridge address as "M. Bromberg," the "M" standing for Maria, the name of his good wife.

He called on a number of wholesalers, and presented a card on which was printed "M. Bromberg and Son," naturally omitting to mention that his own name was Joseph.

He secured between £200 and £300 worth of saloon fittings, clippers, perfumes, linoleum, etc., on the understanding that there would be cash payment. But the cash was not forthcoming, and it soon became obvious that Joseph, who had so many debt-dodging devices as his namesake's coat had colours, intended to have very long credit terms.

Coronas, Too

Naturally thriving on business methods which involved so little outlay, Bromberg turned his thoughts to corona cigars, and succeeded in obtaining a stock of these luxury smokes to the value of £64 from Messrs. J. Frankau and Co., Ltd., having meanwhile given his business the title of the College Cigar Store. The matter came before the City of London Court in due course, and resulted in judgment for the creditor, the judge remarking that there were several misleading statements in the affidavit upon which leave to defend was given.

Delay is exactly what Bromberg played for in other actions taken by creditors, none of which has so far resulted in extraction of payment from the cigar and hairdressing business, which, now under the title of "Alma Confectionery, Ltd.," has added a few boxes of chocolates to the window display.

What's in a Name?

In the sequel to judgment secured by Mr. E. Robinson, of Mare Street, Hackney, over a debt for some perfumes, Bromberg displayed an effrontery which almost commanded admiration. Mr. Robinson sent the bailiff to recover his loss, but the writ having been taken out against "M. Bromberg," Joseph was able to say there was no such person on the premises, and actually sent the solicitor's letter threatening action!

We are a tolerant people to subject to the impertinences of such as Bromberg, who we wish to see shipped right back to Poland.

MISSING GIRL: A Ghastly Story

LOST IN THE UNDERWORLD OF LONDON

Parents' Appalling and Tragic Ordeal

IT is our earnest hope to find a young girl who has been lost in London, and whose heartbroken parents have elicited our help in tracing their beloved daughter, who has disappeared somewhere in our modern Babylon as though the earth had opened and swallowed her.

It is a piteous and moving story. To-day, if this young girl be alive, she is somewhere celebrating her twentieth birthday. For over two years now no word or tidings have been heard of her by her anguished relatives.

Her name is Elizabeth Mendel, or Elise, to use her pet name. She is the daughter of highly respected Dutch parents, her father being a musician who travels the Continent to fulfil important engagements.

When Elise was sevehteen, her parents were professionally engaged in Berlin. She herself, a gracious, beautiful and talented girl, who already spoke French and German fluently, sought the permission of her parents to come to London in order, as she put it, "to perfection the English" she had learned at school.

Her Visit to London

For some time she had had her name on the books of the Young Women's Christian Association Employment Agency, 10a, Newton Road, Bayswater, W. 2, as an applicant for suitable work. As none offered, she came to England to seek it. Her parents provided her with a good outfit, with enough money to keep her for some months, and with a promise to send her more if she needed it.

She stayed at the Young Women's Christian Association Hostel in Newton Road, Bayswater. There she lived quietly for five weeks, giving everyone who met her the impression of a quiet, refined and well-mannered girl.

Each week she wrote home to her parents comforting and reassuring letters, and sent pictures of the handsome rooms of the Y.W.C.A. Did she make friends outside, and did she lose the money she had brought with her? These questions must be asked because, although all provided when she arrived, she wrote home twice for money, and got through not only what she had brought with her but fifteen pounds as well.

How She Disappeared

This is one of the mysteries. It looks as though she had lost money because, after five weeks, when she still ought to have had plenty, she took a position in Madame Helena Watson's hat-shop at 509, Oxford Street, London, W., which had put an advertisement for a girl in the window.

The management there interviewed her, was impressed by her good manners, and engaged her at once. She only stayed there three days, and left on account of illness.

Now the mystery deepens. When she went to the hat-shop she did not give the address of the Y.W.C.A. which she had suddenly left, but she gave as her address 35b, Cable Street, Stepney, E., where it has not been possible to trace her.

In whose company then, or at whose suggestion, having got through so much money, did she suddenly disappear after writing a letter to her mother—the last ever received from her—which said that she was now so well up in English that she proposed to seek work and be independent.

When the Letters Stopped

She disappeared, as we say, as though the earth had opened and swallowed her. As soon as her alarmed mother found that her daughter's letters had stopped, she wrote to the Y.W.C.A. They knew nothing except that Elise had left without taking all her belongings with her, or paying a bill, which her mother later settled.

Enquiries were immediately set on foot, both by the police and by the National Vigilance Association—which charges itself with the "Suppression of the Traffic in Women and Children,"—and, later on, by the Dutch Consul General in London.

The police were unable to find any traces of the missing girl. The National Vigilance Association, however, stated that the manageress of the hat-shop had seen the missing girl three times, once in Edgware Road, once in Oxford Street and once at Tottenham Court Road Tube Station, when she said she was going after a post as manequin but gave no further information. From that point no definite or reliable news has come of the lost girl.

Men in her Life

It is said that she had told a girl at the hat-shop that she had a lover, an Englishman, whom she met every night. Why does not this man, if he exists, come forward? Is there nobody who knows of an Englishman who, at the end of October, 1922, was meeting nightly a young Dutch girl in the Oxford Street neighbourhood?

A little later the most terrible and dreadful information came to hand. Just before Christmas the National Vigilance Association reported that it had heard that this girl, though not found, had been traced from place to place, and that the circumstances under which she had been living were both debasing and degrading.

The story was that a man, in a drunken condition, had found her in a street near Tottenham Court Road very late one night when she was selling Dutch dolls. It was stated that he took her home, that she stayed with him for two nights, and is alleged to have told him that she had already had a child.

When she left, she asked him to forward her bag and passport to Oxford Street, which he did in the presence of a witness. It was subsequently called for by a young woman.

Parent's Awful Dread

One can imagine the agony of the poor mother when she heard these dreadful tidings. There was only one crumb of comfort. The story might not be true. She knew, at least, it was not true that her seventeen-year-old daughter, who had only been three months in England, could have told anyone that she had previously had a child. And there was always the hope that Elise's passport might have been stolen and used by somebody else.

Further enquiries were instituted. But they resulted in nothing, except that some police officers also thought it possible that the dreadful story could not be substantiated.

When no further news came through the anguished father and mother gave up their contracts as soon as they could, and came to this country. They had received from the Dutch Consul a report that Scotland Yard had failed, after exhaustive enquiries, to find the lost girl. "Tot myn leedwezen moet ik U echter mededeelen, dat daarby geen spoor van Uwe verdwenen dochter ontdekt is."—"To my regret I must duly inform you that thereby no trace of your missing daughter has been discovered."

Mother's Poignant Search

They came here from Berlin, and advertised in the *Daily Mirror* as follows: "LIES. Donne ton adres. Tes parents sont a Londres."—"Elise. Give your address. Your parents are in London." No answer came back out of the dark void into which their child had disappeared.

They devoted themselves to a personal search. Foreigners in a strange land, they went from hospital to hospital, institution to institution, police station to police station, without result. They had to go back to Berlin to arrange their affairs so that they could return here to devote themselves to the one passion of their lives—to find their dear daughter, wherever she might be, and in whatever circumstances. Can a mother's tender care cease toward the child she bare?

They are here in this country to-day. They have spent their time and money and their search is still fruitless. But they have had terrible and heartbreaking experiences.

Sometimes they thought they were on the track. They sought their child in Stepney at the address she had left at the hat-shop. She was not known there. But somebody in a local shop said they recognised her photograph as that of a dancing girl who frequented loose resorts, and, particularly, the Units Social Club, Charlotte Street—a den where black men congregated with white girls.

Elise Mendel.

The distraught parents sought her there. They went there time after time. Somebody said he knew the girl, expected her, and would make a sign when she entered. The sign was made. But the poor, degraded creature who came in was not the missing child sought by these suffering parents.

They had similar, dreadful experiences in the lowest haunts of vice and dissipation in the underworld of London, borne up in their tragic ordeal by the glimpse of hope that always eluded them.

The Lure of Limehouse

They spoke with lascars, niggers, and harlots, with café keepers, night saloon managers and foreign women of the streets, fearless of the pitch that cannot defile the breaking hearts of loving parents.

In their distress they went to Maud West's Detective Agency, 59, New Oxford Street, W. They could not pay the fee of ten guineas a week. But a sympathetic and generous friend paid the fees for two weeks. They were told that their daughter had been seen in Limehouse, and had a baby six months old.

Then they went to Limehouse, the evil Chinese quarter of dope and debauchery, the lowest sink of the scum of the underworld, and visited Chinese cafés, opium haunts and the places that any respectable people save distraught and agonised parents would shudder to enter. They found nothing, though here and there some casual person purported to recognise their dear girl's photograph.

"Find her—Alive or Dead!"

In deep distress they have also consulted spiritualists, who suggested, after a horoscope, that Elise was alive, unbalanced through some sex experience.

A clairvoyant was also consulted, who believed that Elise was alive, was an unmarried mother, and had never been in a house of ill-fame.

Is there any hope for these unhappy parents? They have permitted us to make this last appeal, through the publicity of these columns, to obtain news of their child, whether she be dead or alive, and to tell her that their aching arms are still and always wide open for her, wherever she may be, whatever she may be, and whatsoever she may have suffered.

A Murderer at Large

Who Killed Janet Smith?

MANY people are asking what the International Police are doing regarding the case of Janet Smith, a young Scots girl, who met her death last July at Vancouver, British Columbia.

Janet was an emigrant. She went to Vancouver to become nursemaid to the children of Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Baker there. One night she was found dead in her employer's kitchen with a revolver beside her.

At the first inquest it was stated that she had committed suicide. But influential people in Scotland did not believe it. Agitation resulted in a second inquest being held, and the verdict of wilful murder was recorded.

That was six months ago. What has happened since? We demand some official explanation as to what inquiries have been made to discover the murderer of this pretty girl emigrant.

A Chinaman was in the house at the time of Janet's death.

He said that, hearing revolver shots, he rushed to find Janet lying wounded on the floor. Apparently, his evidence was accepted. But it has since been found that entries in her diary stated that this man Wong had made her several presents.

It is said the murderer took away the clothes the girl was wearing when she died, dressed her in others, and destroyed the old ones in a furnace. A scorched corset belonging to her has since been found.

Attorney-General Manson states that the early bungling of the suburban police is responsible for the present difficulties in getting clues. This is an amazing admission of incompetence. But it cannot be accepted as the final word in this shocking case.

Menace to Liberty

HIS Majesty's Customs authorities appear to be enjoying a malicious practical joke at the expense of Captain Cecil Herbert Attfield, imprisoned pending payment of a fine of £26,000, for shipping machine guns to Holland without a licence.

Attfield has now spent six months in Brixton Prison, including three during which he was detained pending the hearing of his case, and unless he or his friends can raise the trifling sum of £26,000, he may legally remain on a diet of skilly, bully beef and grease for the rest of his days.

The authorities state that he will not be released for twelve months, unless he makes a "substantial payment." That they should have power to deprive a man of his liberty even for that time, fifty years after the passing of the Debtors Act, is a monstrous state of affairs.

Hitherto the powers of imprisonment for "King's Debts" have not been abused. In Attfield's case they have, and we take our stand for his release on the firm ground of public policy.

FIENDS WHO SHOULD BE FLOGGED

Rogues who Ruin Mere Babies

WE have reason to know that our articles deprecating undue punishment of boys by magistrates have produced a beneficial effect, and many youngsters who might otherwise have been sent to Borstal or to reformatory schools have been given the chance to make good and have gladly accepted it.

But the time has come when we must direct the attention of magistrates throughout the country to another and even more terrible danger that threatens our children—the danger of indecent assault by men who have apparently lost all sense of right conduct, and who ought to be much more seriously punished in the public interest.

A young man, Charles West, who pleaded guilty at Worcester to indecency, invited the judge to send him to a sanatorium for treatment. He was sent to jail for twelve months, and told to make his application to the Home Secretary.

An even grosser case is that of William George, a middle-aged man of Westleton, the father of ten children, who attacked and overpowered a little girl of thirteen years of age. The unhappy child became pregnant, and William George was sent to jail for fifteen months.

When such cases come before a High Court judge they are usually properly dealt with, but when they come before magistrates the penalties are not always what they should be.

A heart-broken mother, Mrs. E. Hughes, of 5, Thatched Cottages, Birchington, writes to us to ask if more cannot be done to protect little children. Her two little girls, eight and six years old, are the victims of a shocking assault by Leading Aircraftsman Herbert Fairhurst Higham, of the Royal Air Force, Manston, Thanet.

This brute practically stripped these terrified children, and might have ruined them for life if he had not been interrupted in his devilish assault. His only excuse was that he must have been mad!

The astonishing thing is that he has not been sent to jail, but merely bound over in view of his previous good character!

The poor mother, who has now to comfort her nervous children, rightly wonders if this is the proper punishment for the terrible ordeal to which her two little ones, not much more than babies, were exposed.

At Ruislip an airman, Maurice Howard, was charged with assaulting a girl at Ickenham. In the struggle the girl fell and swooned away. The man pleaded guilty to the assault, and the magistrates let him off again on the ground of good character, with a fine of forty shillings!

We ask those in authority in public movements to exercise a stricter vigilance. If they do, we might not have such cases as that of Scoutmaster Bayley, who had been in this position for years, and who was a Sunday-school teacher at Highbury. This degraded person has just been convicted. He abused his position of trust by teaching indecent practices to the boys under his control.

These things are unpleasant to write of, but a high sense of public duty impels in this matter a policy of courage and candour.

We appeal to the police, as well as to magistrates, to make greater efforts to protect little children.

A Lesson in Arithmetic

THERE are some gentry in Denmark who have very little to learn from the most advanced and alluring American methods of lifting money out of our pockets.

There is, for example, the firm of Messrs. C. Lund and Co., of 91, Gothersgade, Copenhagen, K. These people have for years been sending invitations, on an extensive scale, to British investors to buy tickets in a money lottery, the prizes being guaranteed by the Danish Government.

We know that a lot of people send them money—people who do not know anything about figures or rates of exchange. The strange thing is that the prizes are all set out not in Danish kroner but in francs. The circulars do not say whether they are French francs, or Belgian or Swiss, but they say that all prizes will be paid at a fixed rate of one hundred francs to seventy-two Danish kroner.

Now let us see what this really means. We are further told that one hundred Danish kroner are equal to about £4, or a kroner is worth about 10d. If, therefore, you win seventy-two kroner you have won about seven hundred and twenty pence, or £3 in British money.

Do you get £3 from the Danish Lottery? No, you do not. You get one hundred francs. Now the French franc at present is between eighty and ninety to the British pound. So when you are fubbed off with a hundred francs for your seventy-two kroners you are getting about a guinea for your three pounds. In plain words, you are being robbed of two pounds out of every three.

Lund and Company brag about their lottery as being the only one which pays the prizes without any deduction, but as they deduct practically two-thirds of the prize money by this cunning working of the Exchange, there is no need to offer them any gratitude.

They charge British people 30s. for a ticket, while a Dane can buy a similar ticket for twenty-six kroner, which is about £1! If this is not a deduction we do not know the meaning of words.

The proper place for this firm's circulars is the waste-paper basket.

The Phantom Fighter

IT has been said that some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. That is the position in which Mr. W. Davies, a Blackpool boxer, finds himself.

Like Lord Byron, who woke up to find himself famous, Davies has been astonished to find on reading the local paper, the *Blackpool Gazette and Herald*, that he had won a great fight with Seaman O'Brien of London. To quote another poet, "'Twas a famous victory."

The only flaw in it is that it never took place!—which, perhaps, might also be said about a good many victories in history.

The fight is described as having been staged at "The Ring," Blackfriars, the well-known boxing rendezvous. The accounts of the battle, round by round, show Davies as a desperate fellow, and O'Brien as a foeman worthy of his steel. In Round One, Davies entered the ring "with his usual determined look," and in Round Thirteen, which seems to have been an unlucky one for O'Brien, we are told that Davies "showed no mercy and, with a heavy blow, caught O'Brien full on the throat," after which he knocked him out.

Now what the people of Blackpool are asking is: How did this elaborate account of a fight that never took place get into their local paper? As a matter of fact, "The Ring," Blackfriars, was closed on the night this heroic encounter was supposed to have been brought off!

It must pass into the great legendary encounters of history, like the fight between Hector and Hercules and the deadly struggle between Macbeth and Macduff; or Allan Breck Stewart's fight with the rascally sailors in the Round Tower of the brig *Covenant*.

But as a literary affair, the fight between Davies and Seaman O'Brien is not quite in the same rank as the others we have quoted.

This "fake" fight has a far wider interest than for Blackpool alone, for it is the introduction to this country of certain American methods. Presumably neither Davies nor O'Brien knew anything about it, but if the swindlers can get away with one faked account, they will no doubt put forward somebody supposed to have beaten Davies, and in this way they have a man apparently entitled to challenge some body of importance.

We, therefore, expose this humbug in the interests of decent sport, and we invite the boxing authorities to make an immediate investigation of the whole matter.

WHY CLASS HATRED?

DEMOCRACY has not delivered the rank and file from their dependence upon the character of their leaders, says the writer. Our great problem is to devise a method of detection and punishment for those who misuse capital

by The Rev. G. A. STUDDERT-KENNEDY ("*Woodbine Willie*")

"*Woodbine Willie.*"

T was a very rainy night and I was waiting outside a public hall for my wife, who was attending a meeting addressed by the Conservative candidate during the last lection. Outside there was an overflow eeting. A gentleman on a balcony was ndeavouring unsuccessfully to make himself eard over the boo's, cheers, and cat-calls of a owd mostly composed of young people.

Presently there came out of a public-house hind me an oldish man with grey hair. He cognised me and said, "Good evening, sir." said "Good evening" and made the usual mark about the weather. Then there fell upon the silence.

Presently he said, in a ruminating kind of y, "It's no good goin' agin them as 'as the oney, is it, sir? Yer see, if yer does, they n't spec'late, and then we loses the bit o' rk we 'as, and what's the good o' that?"

"Well, there's something in that," I answered.

We then watched a struggle between a very fat l and a rather anæmic and weak looking uth for the possession of a flag, and when the test had ended in the usual way, with the parent triumph of the male and the real mph of the female—because he struck the blow and she said the last word—my friend eated, "All barmy nonsense I calls it, and how this 'ere show ain't no good to me, I'm n' to 'ave a drink. Good night, sir." I said ood-night," and he went back to the beer.

wn in Slums

laving decided that the show wasn't any good e either, I went for a walk round the filthy which adjoined the hall where the meeting held, and in which I used at one time to work parish priest. I knew the streets well and y of the families that lived in them, and ehow you look at a place in a different way, ou look at a person in a different way, when know something about the inside of both. nearly fell over a child that was crawling on pavement and picked it up in my arms. father came out to rescue it, and I recognised and we fell into conversation. He was a g ex-Service man, bright, intelligent and , and he was fairly bubbling over with rtionitis" and mongrel communism.

r Mr. Wheatley's Heart

wife had gone to the Labour candidate's ng and he was staying at home to mind the and he was glad to find someone to vent elings on and simply poured it out to me. ould have delighted Mr. Wheatley's heart: as as "class conscious" as he could be. eady he saw the victory of the working- and the destruction of capitalism in sight, hen, as he said, "when the people get the and manage the money we'll clear up all ness," and he indicated the ramshackle with which we were surrounded with an sive gesture of disgust.

e was the same feeling but another response The old man with the grey hair felt s: "It's no good goin' agin them as 'as oney, you might as well give in, and w I'm goin' to 'ave a drink"; the young so felt helpless, but it roused him, not to sion but to rebellion, not to peace at any but to war. There was the same ion that money was the final power in the minds of both, but the conviction produced very different results. That set me thinking.

Two or three days after I travelled down in the train from Carlisle to Crewe with a comfortable, jolly, and well-fed gentleman whose infectious good humour it was almost impossible to resist. His conversation with a fellow passenger interested me against my will.

Our Money Going Abroad

I had some peace while he was at lunch, but when he came back he found me alone, and at first said nothing, but took up his *Times* to read. After reading for some time he suddenly dropped his paper on to his knee and said, "That fellow, Kirkwood, ought to be chucked in a pond; what do you think, Padre?"

I looked up from my book and said mildly: "Chuck old David in a pond, what for?"

"Well, this rent strike in Glasgow is a public disgrace. What are we coming to when we can't be certain whether our property is our own or not."

I said: "Have you ever been to Glasgow and looked around some of those places?" and he said: "No, I haven't, and don't want to, either." "Well," I said, "perhaps if you did it might change your point of view a little. Kirkwood may be wrong, but he's extraordinarily human."

"Well, I know what I'm going to do," he replied with good-natured anger in his eyes. "If these labour fellows keep on making trouble I'm going to invest my capital abroad where I can get a bit of security and a decent rate of profit. I've got a good deal in India now, and there will be some more soon if things don't change over here."

The Root of the Matter

And there came into my mind again the voice of my old friend saying, "It's no good goin' agin them as 'as the money. Yer see, if yer does, they won't spec'late, and then we loses the bit o' work we 'as, and what's the good o' that? All barmy nonsense I calls it."

Those three, between them, I think go pretty well down to the roots of the matter and lay bare the final issue: it is a struggle for power. Money is the modern instrument of power. The man who possesses capital has two powers which make him inevitably top dog—space power and time power.

With capital he can operate at a distance; space makes little or no difference to him. He can sit in Britain and work in India. With capital he can afford to wait, to bide his time. The man who has only his labour can only operate on the spot and he cannot afford to wait.

Trade Union Capitalists

Somewhere here lie the roots of the class war. Who is to wield the time power and the space power that capital carries with it? There is no dispute between "capital" and "labour"; the quarrel is between "capitalists" and "labourers," and it is a quarrel about power. The possession of power must either mean the bearing of a heavy responsibility or the exercise of a tyranny, and the fate of tyrants is that they have their throats cut sooner or later.

Therefore it is necessary that those who wield power recognise responsibility. If we are to find peace at all we must learn to think of "capital" in terms of "power," and of power in terms of responsibility; we will then get much nearer the heart of things.

What has to be proved against the capitalist is not his possession of the power, but his misuse of it. The use of it on extravagant expenditure and luxurious living is an obvious and patent misuse.

We have a perfect right to turn to those who wield capital power and say to them that they must bear the responsibility for the evils of poverty, overcrowding and sordid conditions of life, since they have the power, but we must include *all* those who wield capital power. The leaders of the great trade unions are just as much "capitalists" as the directors of combines; they wield the power of their accumulated capital funds and must be held responsible for their use of it.

The Bad Old Days

In the old days of the dynasts when power was vested in kings and potentates and they were incompetent or fell out among themselves, the people suffered and paid in the universal coinage of flesh and good red blood for the sins of those who led them. Nowadays, when thrones have tottered and dynasties have disappeared, and power is vested in those who possess and direct capital, and they are incompetent or fall out among themselves, combine against combine, financial ring against financial ring, unions against combines, there is the same result and the people suffer as they did before.

In the old days when the people could stand it no longer they rose and slew the tyrant; nowadays they cannot get at him to slay. He is ubiquitous and we do not know his name.

With all our talk of democracy, the rank and file are still dependent upon the lead and moral impetus of their leaders. The great modern problem is that of devising a method whereby the money power can be made more fully responsible, so that misuse of it may be quickly detected and promptly punished.

No Utopia Just Yet

The Socialist solution of passing the power into the hands of the State, that is into the hands of a political Party, and finally into the hands of a political "caucus," as those who care to study Labour Governments in Australia can see for themselves, would only work better if the politicians proved more competent and conscientious than the capitalists.

The idea that they can be more quickly and more thoroughly brought to book for misuse of power would appear from experience to be mistaken.

No people under any form of Government can find peace and prosperity in which there is not a sufficient number of men and women willing and able to wield great power, looking upon it, not as a possession or a privilege, but as a responsibility which lays upon them a heavy burden to bear in the spirit of unselfish service.

Democracy, as Mazzini saw, is of necessity aristocratic in the true sense. It is, as he defined it, "The progress of all, through all, under the leadership of the wisest and the best."

Candid Communications

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To the Rt. Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN, M.P., 10, Downing Street.

DEAR SIR,—I am glad to see that, like your predecessor, you have come out boldly in support of the League of Nations. "We have," you say, "to do all in our power to make it an effective reality—a potent instrument for good and comprising in its ranks all the great nations of the world." If this is not to be the merest lip service there are three things that call for immediate action—the frank abandonment of the Singapore folly, the calling of a new Disarmament Conference, and the inclusion within the League of Germany and Russia. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir AUCKLAND GEDDES, K.C.B. Chairman, Food Commission.

DEAR SIR,—The country is gravely disturbed to see that you are adopting the suspicious habit of taking evidence in private. People may well be forgiven for thinking that there is something to hide, and that you are displaying an undue tenderness for the susceptibilities of your witnesses. Your job is to drag out the guilty names into the light of day, not to cloak them with official secrecy. What are you afraid of? That if the truth were known someone would get lynched? Is it really as bad as that? JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, M.P., Minister of Health.

DEAR SIR,—The war that has now been declared on the Weir Steel Houses by the Scottish Council of the Federated Building Trades has a good deal of right behind it. The builders claim that the unskilled labour employed on these houses should be paid at the current union rates for unskilled labour. At present the rate is 5d. per hour less than the standard rate. Why should it be? Once this piece of elementary justice is achieved the workers' opposition would be withdrawn. I think you should drop an official hint to Lord Weir, seeing you are subsidising his enterprise. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer.

DEAR SIR,—The country looks to you to stop in no uncertain manner the indefensible raid on the public purse proposed by the Admiralty. Cruisers of the 4,000-ton class are to be replaced by cruisers of 10,000 tons, involving, in the shipbuilding vote alone, an increase of £4,000,000. Automatically, up would go the bill for maintenance and repairs. There is not the least need for this increase of armaments. Never in our recent history has the British Navy been in so unchallengeable a position. In the near future the strength of Britain is going to depend far more on financial strength than military equipment. JOHN BULL.

To HORACE BOOT, Esq., Chairman, Maidenhead Brick & Tile Co.

DEAR SIR,—In 1922 your company made a loss of £1,161. In 1923 that loss was turned into a profit of £1,290, and in 1924 the profit was increased to £6,745. I should have had nothing to say had you not followed a complacent remark about having increased your profits 140 per cent. by the statement that "it was not the brickmaker who was profiteering, but the workman employed by the builder." Under the circumstances I think an explanation of that 140 per cent. increase would make interesting reading. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. NOYES, Sec., London Master Bakers' Association.

DEAR SIR,—I entirely dispute your assertion that "we are more than justified in adding a penny to the price of the loaf." Such facts as I have gathered make it abundantly clear that the price of bread is out of all relation to the costs and possibilities of efficiently organised production. When, however, you go on to say that "at 11d. a loaf any seller would be losing money," you make me smile. As Shakespeare would have said, "Methinks you do protest too much." JOHN BULL.

EDWARD FORBES-LANKESTER, Esq., K.C., West London Magistrate.

SIR,—Not long ago you spoke out strongly on the evil of confining women prisoners on remand in the company of hardened jailbirds. That this undesirable system had obtained an extensive vogue was only too notorious, and I am glad to see that you are sticking to your guns in spite of the sniffs and snorts of official persons who have been trying to bluff you into silence. They have mistaken their man. JOHN BULL.

To Sir ADAM NIMMO, K.B.E., Director, Fife Coal Co., Ltd.

SIR,—Listen while I quote from your recent speech at the National Liberal Club. "The wages of those engaged in the coal industry cannot permanently rest upon consideration of the cost of living or what the men may call a living wage." Does this mean that, in your considered opinion, the coal-mining industry of Great Britain, as at present organised, cannot afford a living wage for the workers? If so, we had better know it. JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. E. J. ASHFORD, Wandsworth, S.W.

MADAM,—Cynicism is silent in the face of such unselfishness as you have shown. In order to save your husband from imprisonment for bigamy and for the sake of your home and children, you offered to forgive his faithlessness and to adopt the child of the lawless union as your own. If ever a man had a wife that was too good for him, he is that husband of yours, who, if he does not turn over a new leaf after his four months' imprisonment, must be the worst cad in London. JOHN BULL.

To Sir R. NEWBALD KAY, Lord Mayor of York.

MY LORD MAYOR,—I regret to find a magistrate in your exalted position showing leniency to heartless torturers of helpless dumb creatures. When Thomas Myers and George Wright were summoned before you for cruelty to two captive linnets which were found "braced" and fastened to the ground as decoys with their wings broken, and their breasts raw and bleeding, you expressed your detestation of the abominable offence, but instead of punishing the offenders with the imprisonment they so richly deserved, you merely imposed a paltry fine of 40s. Cruelty will never be stamped out by such feeble means. JOHN BULL.

MISS LIBERAL PARTY: "No, David, I must stay with the old man. And you're not the only one!"

Straight from the Shoulder

LORD VESTEY:—The popular impression that there is a very large profit in the sale of imported meat is erroneous.

But we simply can't believe that you're in the business merely for the good of your health!

* * *

A. J. COOK:—I am an alarm clock to wake you up.

Made in Germany and wound up in Russia.

* * *

SIR P. CUNLIFFE-LISTER:—Tranquillity and stability are the first requisites of social reform to-day.

Not at all. The first requisites are bold policies.

* * *

SIR W. JOYNSON-HICKS:—Religion is absolutely the first line of defence against crime.

We prefer to pin our faith to good houses, good food and steady work adequately remunerated.

* * *

PRES. COOLIDGE:—Disaster will be the penalty if the world fails to devise a method of preventing war.

Then why not join the League of Nations, and help to do it?

* * *

JOHN WHEATLEY:—The worker must be left free to bargain.

But he must learn that to bargain is not the same as to hold the nation to ransom.

Without Fear or Favour

CALL IN SCOTLAND YARD!

Don't Sit Still

THERE are optimists who say that rumours of a big mining crisis in the summer are nothing but the mischievous talk of Fat Boys wanting to make our flesh creep. We wish we could think so. Unfortunately, the outlook is as serious as rumour paints it, and it will be a calamity if the Government should sit still and wait till the cloud actually bursts.

The cardinal folly of our industrial policy is that intervention by the Government nearly always comes too late.

The man who wants to stop a fight must not delay his conciliatory efforts till the combatants have actually squared up to each other in the ring. His only reward at this stage will be to come in for a few of the blows from both sides. That is too often the fate of procrastinating Ministries in national labour disputes.

The facts of the mining situation are clear. Thousands of British miners are worse off than in the pre-war days, in spite of the fact that their calling is the most dangerous in the world. These men are entitled to a living wage, which is refused to them on the ground that the pits are not paying. Yet the selling price of coal to the consumer is 200 per cent. above pre-war figures.

The miners contend that someone is levying an unfair toll on the industry, robbing miners and consumers alike. This looks very like the truth. It is for the Government to step in now and ascertain the real facts. Once the public are in possession of the truth they will back up the Government in any action necessary to put the mines on a proper basis.

Golden Glitters

THE recent visits of Mr. Churchill to Paris, and of the Governor of the Bank of England to America, are now seen in their true perspect ve. Among the chief aims of the Government's financial policy is the restoration of the gold standard. Soon the chink of the sovereign is to be heard again in the land.

Will this be an unmixed blessing? Mr. McKenna favours an early return to the gold standard; which means that the change will suit the banks. Monetary policy since the war has persistently enriched the financiers at the expense of the masses of the people. We mistrust this latest move in the game.

If the gold standard returns the banks will raise the rate of interest in order to attract gold for currency needs. This will mean a shrinkage of credit for industrial purposes, and more unemployment. The big bugs of the banking world will share the spoil.

For our part we are content with Treasury notes.

Criminals who Go Scot-free

IS society incapable of protecting its daughters? There have been many cases of girls outraged and murdered, yet Scotland Yard cannot bring the culprits to book

IT is now nearly a month since an eleven-year-old girl named Nellie Clarke was foully outraged and savagely murdered on the outskirts of Birkenhead. Sent out one evening on an errand for her mother, she was never again seen alive. Next morning her dead body was discovered in an unfrequented passage-way. Medical examination pointed to the commission of an outrage which cried aloud for the summary vengeance of the law.

It may be that before these lines appear the scoundrel responsible for this atrocious crime will have been laid by the heels. But, in any case, there has been a long period of delay, and as a consequence the public mind is seriously disturbed. Moreover, there is a growing suspicion that the methods of the police in dealing with this class of offence are unsatisfactory.

Chief Constable Wensley of the C.I.D.

As we have always contended, the investigation of murders, no matter where they are committed, ought to be within the purview of Scotland Yard. At present the Criminal Investigation Department has to wait for an invitation from the local police before it can stir a foot to track down the assassin.

Too often a false pride on the part of the county constabulary delays the invitation till valuable clues have grown cold, and the chances of detecting the criminal have been reduced to vanishing point.

At Birkenhead, it was nearly a fortnight before Scotland Yard was requested to lend its aid in tracking down the murderer of Nellie Clarke. Is there any decent excuse that can be advanced for this meandering policy which in case after case has allowed these sex-fiends to go free?

THE murder of little Vera Hoad at Chichester is still fresh in the public mind. Many months have elapsed since this poor child fell a victim to the lust of the assassin, but no arrest has ever been made, and the memory of the foul incident is a nightmare to every mother in England.

Has the Chief Constable of Sussex any reason to hope that the murderer of Vera Hoad will ever be brought to justice? A public statement on the subject ought to be made. The successes of the police are brilliantly advertised, but there is no reason why their failures should be hidden.

The Home Secretary has a duty to the public, who as parents and citizens are becoming genuinely alarmed. Nor should his enquiries be limited to those cases in which murder completes the outrage which lust has planned. The whole subject of child-pollution calls for fresh scrutiny, and, in some of its aspects, for fresh legislation.

MOREOVER, there are magistrates who deserve to be sharply reprimanded for the levity with which they treat this type of assault. It may be true that some of the miscreants guilty of these offences are correctly described as sexual maniacs; but in that case they should be locked up for life. For the child-defiler who is sane the proper cure is the "cat."

The murders of Nellie Clarke at Birkenhead and Vera Hoad at Chichester are a challenge to our civilisation. Is society equal to its task of protecting children against death and defilement, or is it not?

Too Much Licence

THE Home Secretary promises a Bill for the better regulation of night clubs, but this is not enough. By all means let these clubs be more strictly supervised, but a still more important thing is to lessen the need for supervision by taking care that notoriously undesirable persons are not licensed to run such clubs.

It is disgraceful that any unscrupulous money-grubber should be permitted to open a club with no more trouble than is involved in the present simple process of registration. What is needed is a complete overhaul of the unsatisfactory system of registration now in vogue.

No person who has ever been concerned in a breach of the licensing laws should be allowed to have any share in the conduct of a night club. Nothing less than this measure of severity will serve to clean up the West End. Any proper control of these night haunts would for ever bar such people as the Merricks from the control of dancing and drinking establishments open after dusk.

But until the registration system is altered there will be nothing to prevent this "enterprising" family getting to work again in the underworld of the Metropolis, where they have queened it for years in gay defiance of the police regulations. We have the best ground for saying that the Home Secretary, as at present advised, does not intend to make provision in his Bill for an alteration in the existing mode of registration.

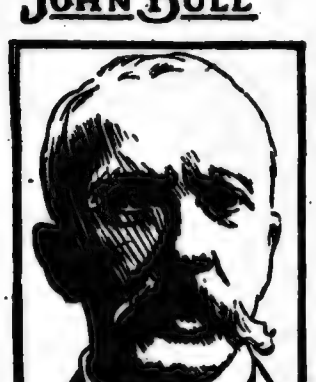
We can only say that until this aspect of the question is tackled dope and drink dens masquerading as "clubs" will continue to challenge the law.

Mugs and Money

"TRUTH in advertising" is a fine slogan. But it should be practised as well as preached. The papers which exclude quack medicines, and pride themselves on the fact, must not open their columns to the bogus company promoter, the lying tipster, the fly-by-night bookmaker, and all the host of those who, by means more subtle than the sale of rubbish, prey upon the weakness and credulity of mankind.

There never was a time when roguery was more rampant, or the public more in need of protection; and we have to confess that the Press is less vigilant than it might be in protecting its readers against robbery.

The police authorities also might be better employed in keeping a sharp eye on the advertisement columns of certain newspapers than in looking out for trifling breaches of war-time regulations like the Early Closing Orders, which ought long ago to have been dead.



Prof. Chas. Rickel whose book "Idiot Man" bears out the point of this article.

The Law of Love

IT is Love that keeps life moving from one generation to another. We are all in the world mainly as channels for evolution, says our contributor, who deals with an important aspect of the "marriage question"

by
"A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER"

AFRAID of her husband, that is to say, afraid of the man she once loved better than her own life, a woman went the other day for protection to a London magistrate. "Ever since I married him," she complained, "he has threatened me."

Such an incident is common enough. Much of a magistrate's time goes in an effort to mend domestic tatters. Most of the drama of back-streets is made by the "back-chat" of husbands and wives. We all know that. Some of us even get our living by making jokes about it in the comic papers or on the stage. Yes; but just because the fact is common knowledge do we not run grave danger of missing its extreme, its vital, importance?

In sober truth that complaint of a terrified wife, "Ever since I married him he has threatened me," is like a cry of warning to a nation blindly and carelessly on its way to the devil. For no nation can stand unless it is founded on domestic happiness; no country can endure in which the home is not the heart of its strength; and if, as seems certain, domestic unhappiness is becoming so general in our midst as to excite no remark, except among the propagandists of easier divorce, and if miserable homes are so many times more numerous than happy homes that we take no notice of them, except to laugh at their exhibition in comic papers and on the stage, then it is certain that our civilisation is beginning to be damaged at its very centre.

THAT I do not exaggerate the importance of the happy home may be seen if we look at this matter from the standpoint of science. What is the picture which life presents to the man of science? Remember that a man of science sees no individuals and takes no sides in any of our petty warfares. He is not a sex novelist seeking for a plot, but a searcher after truth, truth being for him the greatest object of human existence.

He is neither a Conservative nor a Communist, neither a Christian nor a Devil-Worshipper, neither a philanthropist nor a profiteer. He takes no more interest in the warring schools of art and literature than the ocean takes in Mah-jongg and the fox-trot. His eyes are set on one thing only, life, and he is for ever seeking to determine what it is that life is trying to do with matter, whence it came and whither it is going.

HE can already tell us something of considerable interest. He sees that life is able to do its difficult work only by reason of one very mysterious affection. This single passion seems to govern all its activities. You will be surprised perhaps to hear what it is that, in the eyes of a cold and dispassionate man of science, governs life, governs it and alone keeps it moving from one generation to another. It is Love.

Science sees this mysterious energy not only in the heart of the mother and in the instincts of the tigress and the linnet, but also in every flower that grows. It is a universal force. "It shows us," as a French thinker has beautifully said, "each generation *leaning over* the generation that shall follow." The flower is thinking of nothing but its seed; the marvellous chemical activity at work in the meanest weed by the wayside has the next generation for its object; and so it is, on a higher scale, with the insects, the birds, and the animals. Every living thing is merely a "thoroughfare" through which life passes to the future. All Nature is a Madonna bending over the Christ Child of evolution.

THE *natural* thing, then, in human life is for the mother to exhaust every strength of her body and soul in care for her children. In her husband the *natural* thing is never to think of himself in any way until he has secured the comfort of his wife and the prosperity of their children. Such conduct is not to be regarded as heroic and wonderful, as something to be trumpeted through the streets as an achievement of religion and education; rather is any other conduct in man or woman to be regarded as not a whit less heinous or unnatural than one of those terrible moral perversions which lead to penal servitude. Self-sacrificing love is natural; selfishness is a thing abhorrent to Nature.

When any one of us is tempted, like a hero in a book or a heroine in a problem play, to talk about his "rights," his "temperament," and his desire to "express himself," let him know that such utterance is the greatest twaddle heard throughout the universe. Such strutting egoism, such indecorous selfishness, would be side-splitting in its comicality but for the terrible consequences it brings upon the future of the human race.

How mad, too, is such an attitude! Think of any one person considering that this mighty universe in which life is visibly wrestling for its destiny, has been made for *him*—that for him alone have the tides toiled and the earth laboured from the first birth-pang of time. Not in Bedlam has greater madness ever been heard from the lips of man or woman. But this is the state of mind, whether uttered or not, of millions of people in whose keeping is the future of humanity.

We are in the world, all of us, mainly as channels for evolution to go on its creative way to the fulfilment of God's purpose. Every child is our child. Into our eyes every ragged, hungry, and frightened child in the slums has the right to look and ask us what we are doing to end its wrongs and secure its future.

Every mother cowering from the blows of a brutal husband, and every husband whose home is like hell because of a drunken wife, has a right to appeal to us for protection and deliverance. Our children cannot be safe if their children are on the road to ruin, and no nation can do the work expected of it where Nature's fundamental law is for ever being broken as a matter of no consequence.

ASK any man of science which is the most vital of Nature's laws, and he will tell you that it is the law of love, which alone guarantees and improves the next generation. Look about you, and see whether there is any law which we are more constantly breaking.

Is "dole" a right or a charity?

THE FATA

THE London magistrate who lately expressed his impertinent preference for honest men over people "on the dole," expressed a sentiment which is widely prevalent amongst the heartlessly selfish and wilfully ignorant members of the community. They are the modern Levites who, seeing a fellow-creature in desperate need of help, hastily pass by on the other side, with the complacent reflection that if people are in distress they have probably brought it on themselves.

They belong to that superior and disdainful half of the world which does not know how the other half lives, and takes precious good care to waste none of its time in finding out. If the awful misery surrounding their smug composure is accidentally thrust upon these self-satisfied Pharisees, they resent it as an impertinence.

But for us inferior beings who have hearts to feel for suffering, and are unable to enjoy tranquillity while we know of pains that might be relieved, the working of the "dole" system provides much reason for disquietude.

There is, on the one hand, unquestionable abuse of its facilities for sponging, cadging, and despicable laziness. It is unhappily true that amongst the burdens borne by the honest workers who are stolidly striving to do their duty to their State and country, one of the heaviest is the tax imposed upon their earnings and their trade's chances of recovery, by the mean frauds of the work-shys who are twisting a national plan for the relief of poverty to the indulgence of their rascality.

When I was young it was a saying that the lowest type of human degradation was that of the petty sneak who "pinched a butty off a kid." Our time has produced a more contemptible ruffian: the thief who robs his hard-working comrade by embezzlement of the dole.

Alex... well-k...

But there is another side to the picture. The imperfect system not only leaves wide openings for the dishonest, but it also closes the door to many who are deserving. On my desk I have a batch of letters to JOHN BULL telling grievous tales of wrong and hardship under the law.

There is the case of Mrs. Dimmock of Vauxhall. Her husband was out of work. She had a large family of small children. To keep the home fires burning and the little mouths from clamouring she took a job, four years ago, to dust and sweep the sumptuous "service" flats in Whitehall

World's Greatest Ramp

NOTHING is calculated to promote revolutionary feeling so much as this menace. If it is not dealt with nothing can prevent such a blaze of public feeling as will destroy the evil without providing a remedy

by A. G. GARDINER

The Rt. Hon. Sir Auckland Geddes, President of the Royal Commission on Food Prices.

FLOUR has soared another shilling, the bakers have given us an 11d. loaf, the experts tell us that it will go to 1s. 6d., and the Food Commission seems impotent before the embattled potentates who have the stranglehold on the consumer.

Take the case of meat. Not many of us had heard of Lord Vestey, but he is the autocrat of every kitchen in the land. From the moment a beast is born on an Argentine prairie farm to the time the housewife buys her Sunday joint from the local butcher, the Vestey combine is operative. This is achieved by a network of companies, all interlocked, but all under the control of the primary board. The core of this gigantic corporation is the Union Cold Storage Co., with its £9,628,575 capital and its 30,000 workers. During the period 1918–22 this concern made a profit of £1,719,508.

But this is only the beginning. The combine controls five other great meat concerns running 1356 retail butcher's shops in this country, and owns tens of thousands of cattle. It controls the British & Argentine Meat Co., which, in its turn, is connected with certain of the largest provision stores in the country. It has bought up the Blue Line of fifteen steamers which carry cattle between South America and this country.

AND at the back of this stupendous system that holds us all in its grip sits Lord Vestey, whom not one in a million of us had ever heard, over whom we have no more control than we have over the tides of the sea, whose interests are not the public interests, but his own and those of his fellow magnates, who, in short, is a despotic monarch who in his own realm exercises absolute power.

And this is symptomatic of the whole movement by which the consumer is being rounded up and penned in by the great barons of finance. When the Committee on Trusts made its report in 1919 it stated that "there is in every important branch of industry in this country an increasing tendency to the formation of trade associations and combinations having for their purpose the restriction of competition and the control of prices."

THERE is hardly a commodity of vital bearing on the national life that has not passed into the hands of the monopolists, from money to yeast, from cement to groceries, from whisky to soap, from tobacco to electric lamps, from margarine to milk. And the octopus of one industry is generally found to be linked up with the octopus of another industry. The further you probe the more far-reaching you discover the ramifications to be.

We think of Nobels as an explosives concern; but it has twenty-nine associated companies dealing with such commodities as bicycles, soap, saucepans and gas mantles, and in the four slump years it made a net profit of £3,368,461. So with Guest, Keen & Nettlefolds, another combine affecting the price of steel, iron and coal. The ramifications of its interests extend to collieries, iron and steel companies, bolt and screw manufactories and are linked up with concerns as remote as cotton and the ownership of newspapers.

Or take the case of the great grocery combine of Home & Colonial, Maypoles and Jurgens. If this enormous octopus stood alone it would be a sufficiently impressive fact. Even while Home & Colonial and Maypoles were competitors their prosperity was staggering. Maypoles in the five years before 1923 made profits of £3,796,401 and paid their shareholders, in all, dividends of 200 per cent., while in 1919 there was a bonus issue of 100 per cent., so that the true dividends were 300 per cent.

The Home & Colonial during the same period had made £1,552,700 and paid nominal dividends of 145 per cent. which, taking into account the 300 per cent. bonus in 1920, represented 365 per cent. in five years. But this is not all. It is linked up with the British & American Meat Co., and so with Lord Vestey and the meat octopus.

IN this wilderness of interlocking finance what hope is there of ascertaining the truth and protecting the consumer? No wonder Sir Auckland Geddes at the Food Commission confessed that he could not see his way through the jungle of the meat trade. With the various companies absorbed into groups and the groups linked in alliance, it is obviously easy for costs to be manipulated and prices to be raised, while profits can be mysteriously absorbed by various unaccountable charges. Profiteering can never be dealt with while profits can be disguised as costs.

Let us turn to the report of the Committee on Trusts. It tells us that the output of the Coats' firm in 1918–19 was 20 per cent. less by weight than in the year 1913–14. Were the profits correspondingly less? No. On the contrary, the profits had increased from £2,634,388 in 1914 to £4,895,149 in 1919. *Thus while output had gone down 20 per cent. profits had gone up 86 per cent.* Where is the share of the consumer under the operation of this terrific power?

WHAT conclusions do we reach? I am neither a Socialist nor a Communist, but neither am I for an economic feudalism that is a travesty of "private enterprise," that makes us all helpless in the hands of a few powerful financial barons, that eliminates all real competition, limits output, fixes prices, is responsible to no one, works not for the interest of the consumer, but for the interest of the shareholder. I can conceive of nothing so calculated to promote Socialism, Communism and revolutionary feeling generally so much as the continuance and development of this menace to the freedom, interests and life of the general body of the community.

If it is not dealt with by anti-Trust legislation that will control the octopus, nothing can prevent such a blaze of feeling in this country as will destroy the evil without providing a remedy. Mr. Baldwin promised that he would deal with profiteering in food. Let him show that the promise was not an idle bait to catch votes, but that he meant what he said and that he will fulfil it with disregard of Party consequences.

SIXPENCE

by ALEX. M. THOMPSON ("Dangle")

urt. These are the dwellings of the rich. e company owning them make huge profits. . Dimmock, working from six in the morning noon, was paid 18s. a week! If she worked Sundays she received 1s. 9d. extra!

t would take me a column to tell you the details of the work she and another woman had to do. To my untutored experience the catalogue vaguely suggests a defined summary of impossibility. Yet, in the sacred cause of economy, Mrs. Dimmock's colleague was scrapped. Bravely facing an impossibility multiplied by two, Mrs. Dimmock ventured to ask for an increase of an additional 6d. per day. When her appeal was refused she chucked the job. When she asked at the Labour Exchange for unemployment relief she was told that she was ineligible, because she had left work of her own accord!

here you have it. Out of 18s. a week Mrs. mock had to pay 2s. in fares and insurance. hout any work at all, with no more claim on national revenue than a pensioned descendant king's mistress, she might have lived a life affluent ease on a dole of 15s. Under the conditions of this alternative who would persevere in honest toil? The inducement is to the shirker and dodger all the time. Mrs. Dimmock, being honest, is left, with her husband and hungry children, destitute of means of subsistence, probably homeless, clearly doomed to the gentle mercies of the workhouse.

Because she had the impudence to think that double work on a wage of 18s. a week ought to be worth an extra sixpence!

A batch of similar instances encumber my desk. There are heart-rending cases of colliers, disabled in the mines, turned adrift with inadequate "compensation" from unscrupulous insurance companies, and then cast out from the Labour Exchanges because of their "compo" money. There are exasperating instances of the insolence of Labour Exchange Sir Oracles to miserable petitioners for work. I could fill this paper with evidences that more hardship and injustice are done by denial of the dole than by its undeserved concession.

The system is glaringly imperfect. Employers' Liability, Workmen's Compensation, Poor Law Relief, Labour Exchanges, Unemployed Insurance, should be co-ordinated in a comprehensive scheme of insurance against all the risks and ills which darken the lives of the labouring masses.

FRANCS and FRANKNESS

Little Things that France Forgets

by HARRISON OWEN

TO a charge of using language calculated to cause a breach of the *entente cordiale*, M. Louis Marin, who was Minister for the Liberated Regions in the Poincaré Cabinet, pleaded "*Non coupable.*"

* * *

Mr. Watchdog, K.C., read quotations from a speech on Allied Debts, in which the accused, pleading for compensation for France's sacrifices in the war, asserted that as late as 1917 the Germans had calculated the pressure on the British and French armies on the Western Front as corresponding to eight and thirty-five respectively.

"It is distasteful," said learned counsel, "to make comparisons of sacrifices or to contrast the painful frankness of some French politicians with their no less painful franclessness when Allied Debts are mentioned; but M. Marin's remarks are so unpleasantly reminiscent of a certain sneer at our 'contemptible little army' that it becomes my duty to set forth the facts.

"IN 1917 the actual proportion of British and French Divisions on the Western Front was sixty to one hundred, and not only were each of the British Divisions from 4,000 to 5,000 men stronger than the French, but we were carrying on vast military operations elsewhere, keeping the seas clear, and lending huge sums to our Allies. Practically all the fighting in France in 1917 was on the British Front.

"These are facts I would not willingly recall; but when M. Marin implies that our participation in a war which, after all, was primarily a Franco-Prussian conflict, was less whole-hearted than it might have been, I must repudiate the charge with all the force at my command."

Mr. Straw-splitter urged that, in pleading that France's sacrifices should be taken into account in dealing with her debts, M. Marin was also putting the case for a readjustment of the Anglo-American debt terms. If the whole question were left to the people of the various countries it would be quickly settled, but the battles of peace were being waged by financiers who thought more of tables of interest than of matters of principle.

* * *

"THE prisoner must acknowledge," said Mr. Justice Bull, "that if odious comparisons have been made they were called for by his own superlatives. It was never our desire that the roar of guns should be replaced by the squeals of duns, and we repudiate the idea that it is possible to assess the sacrifices of any of the Allies as an insurance company might estimate the damage done to a cowshed by fire. While the war lasted the Allies were brothers, but one of them, Brother Jonathan, has since assumed the prerogatives of an 'Uncle.' Yet, although the money we owe America is less than half of what our Allies owe us, we should readily agree to wipe the slate clean on both sides.

"In these circumstances, we are justified in resenting attempts to belittle our war efforts, and I cannot do less than fine the prisoner 2s. 6d. which represents a 4,800,000,000th of the French debt to Britain."

Saints and Sinners

A POLITICAL DARK HORSE

The Mantle of Campbell-Bannerman

by HESKETH PEARSON

IT has always struck me as a bit comical that men like Sir John Simon should pretend to adhere to the Liberal Party. Everyone who knows him knows he is a Liberal. But, then, does anybody know what constitutes a Liberal? In their giant endeavours to explain the meaning of that enigmatical person, several papers have contrived to fill their columns and completely bemuse their readers. But the public still asserts that if Asquith, Lloyd George and John Simon are all Liberals, there must be three Liberalisms, not one Liberalism.

AND the public are right. Liberalism, like the Church of England, covers a multitude of beliefs. As long as you profess Gladstone in one and God in the other, you can remain within the fold. Sir John's allusions to Gladstone are few and far between; and they are usually couched in language that, with a little shifting of the punctuation, might easily refer to the bag of that name. But as a respectful concession to the disciples of the G.O.M. he sometimes manages to suggest the necessary genuflexion by lowering his voice.

SIR JOHN is an idealist. Unlike the Communists, he believes in freedom and democratic government. He confuses both with Liberalism, but it would take a bigger man than he—in fact, a non-Party man—to see the absurdity of such a confusion. In many respects we are still living under the abominable restrictions initiated by a Liberal Government.

Yet he's a very clever man. He can see two sides of every question with admirable lucidity, but he can't see all round it. In reality, of course, no question is confined by two sides, though the verdicts of judges and juries are reached on the assumption that two are quite sufficient.

The trouble with him is that he has a typically legal mind. He puts everything into water-tight compartments and is very annoyed when one subject shows signs of getting mixed up with another. He has a perfectly ordered brain and nothing gets on his nerves so much as (what I have heard him call) "mental flabbiness."

Once get him going and he can argue the hind legs off a donkey. At a dinner-party a year or two ago I sat near him and heard him score off half a dozen other guests in a manner that made the rest of us want to applaud. It was quite astonishing. Quick as lightning he would take up a point from one quarter, deliver the rapier-like reply, parry and thrust, thrust and parry, now here, now there, without interval, while we sat round and gasped. Truly, a verbal Brock!

Sir John Simon

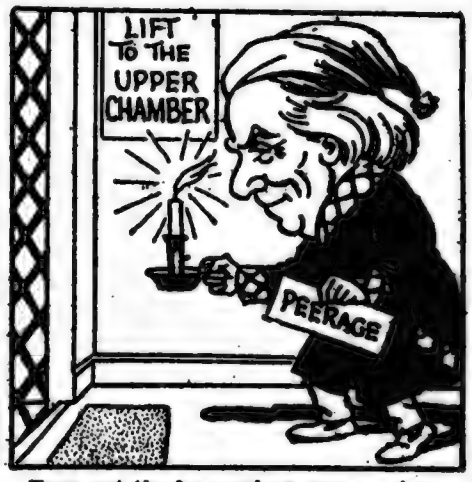
AFTER that he answered, almost without hesitation, a dozen difficult conundrums—an amazing feat when one considers that he was engaged at the time in a complicated case in the law courts. Indeed, if he fails to wrest the leadership of the Liberal Party in the House of Commons from Mr. Lloyd George it will not be the fault of the Young Liberals, who see in him the Moses who shall lead them into the promised land of Regeneration.

CARTOONETTES and Topical Jingles

by FRANK HOLLAND

The puzzle's there, and thought and care
Are needed for its solving.
But when the round solution's found
It will be worth evolving.

He swiftly rose and now he goes
To limbo with a rush;
But did he fall? No, not at all,
He simply "got the push!"



From out the fray—where many a day
He's played the gladiator—
To seek the charm of rest and calm
He takes the elevator.

Now Asquith's gone a "scrap" is on
(A vulgar term to use);
They can't agree who is to be
The one to wear his shoes.

DEMON CHILD TORTURERS

ARE we taking sufficient interest in child life and child welfare? There is a traffic in little waifs that calls for urgent attention

by ROBERT J. PARR, O.B.E.
(Director National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children)

THERE is one great evil in connection with child life that nothing but publicity can radicate. One of the most regrettable facts that come under our notice that their sufferings are unknown the great majority of the people. ore especially is that true of egitimate children, who are the ore frequent victims of the perils adoption.

Many children come into the hands people who are quite unfitted to ve them. A man at Bury, Lancs, s fined 40s. for burning the hand an adopted child—a girl of five ars, who suffered from a sore head. e day when the child came down- irs the head was bleeding, so the n, to use his own words, "just hold of her hand and put it on top bar of the firegrate."

anted—a Child

Most newspapers of repute now se to insert adoption advertise- nts. In the columns of a religious kly, notice was inserted that a ne was wanted for a child—"no ard." The result was the hand- over of a boy, at a railway station, a woman who repeatedly thrashed , until he threatened to take his . The inspector, finding the boy be in a delicate state, suffering n boils, removed him to the rmary and the Guardians have adopted him.

he institution from which the ertisement was sent placed another boy in the town—"No reward." That child is dead. Nothing is known as to what sums the institution received with these boys when they were placed there. What is apparent is that without making any payment, the authorities placed two children with persons who ought not to have had them.

Shrouded in Secrecy

All thoughtful people are appalled when such facts are brought under their notice. Hundreds of cases occur that never come to light. The birth and death of an illegitimate child are usually shrouded in secrecy. Nor are they always the children of the poor. This is the feature that gives opportunity to the unprincipled and unscrupulous who are always ready to make profit out of a human life.

Considerable sums pass with these hapless children; the money element is the supreme attraction. The infant may be winsome, but the only question in the mind of the trafficker is, how much will it bring?

One of the chief difficulties is to trace the agents, though it is known that men watch the newspapers for advertisements, answer them, and then act as go-betweens, taking commission from the women with whom the children are placed.

These women are not easily discovered either; they have elusive methods, they are adepts in the art of lying, they are devoid of human sympathy. The pitifulness of a helpless infant is nothing to them. During the year it has been possible to get on the track of some of these enemies of the race, and the pursuit will be persisted in.

One or two Bills dealing with adoption have been introduced in the House, but none of them has been satisfactory, because no provision has been made to deal with and ruthlessly punish the baby farmer. There is good reason to afford protection to the person who, with good intent, adopts a child and means to do well for it. There is as much reason for protecting the child against risks to its life and health.

The difficulty is that many persons who promote Bills in Parliament appear to be able to see only one side of a subject, or else they do not possess the knowledge that should be the prelude to action.

Protect the Child

Fortunately the present Government, through the Lord Chancellor, has expressed its intention of seeing that, before any Bill is passed, full protection shall be given to the child. Perhaps it may be possible to persuade the Government to make the punishment for such offences as we have indicated a deterrent to evildoers.

For some reason not easy to understand certain people seem to think that recent proposals, if carried into law, are going to increase illegitimate birth-rates. The Society has not had anything to do with the promotion of either of the Bills submitted last year to Parliament. It has, however, to deal daily with facts showing the importance of doing something for the illegitimate child. Amongst these facts one stands out with striking force—it is that the illegitimate death-rate per 1,000 births in one year is double that of children who are born legitimate.

Robert J. Parr, O.B.E.

There is another fact. Baby farming thrives and those who run farms make money out of the unfortunate children, whilst the majority found by the society are neglected. These are matters which concern us, and the position taken up is that whatever may, or may not, be done to the parents or farmers of the illegitimate children, the children ought not to suffer.

Presumably the fear is that by protecting them, illegitimacy will increase, whereas the contrary is true, for it is significant that since the light of publicity has been directed on this problem the illegitimate birth-rate has not increased.

Tragic Death-bed Secret

THERE are hundreds of mystery men who have cut away from their old way of living

by A HOSPITAL SUPERINTENDENT

WHAT is life's greatest tragedy?

I think I can answer, for I recently came up against It concerns a man, forty-three s of age, though heaven knows ooked more like a ghost who has ed the stage of a bygone age. ciated by hunger and disease ay in the incurable ward of a ion hospital.

nniless, without a friend in the d, tortured by pain day and , he waited for the summons that to write "Finis" to his tragic r. If there is a worse fate than od help the victim.

t me tell a little of this man's ry. Six months ago he was tted to the hospital under strange mstances. He was selling hes in the Strand when a well- n medical specialist passed by. day was icily cold, and as the looked desperately ill the doctor to him.

ried to Hospital

hilst they were talking the match- suddenly collapsed and he was d, at the specialist's request, his own hospital near by. For three hours he remained un- ious. Then he rallied, and out of the shadows life returned. Whilst he was unconscious his pockets were searched for something which might lead to his identification, but his only possessions were a few coppers, a ticket for a shelter, and a faded photograph of a woman.

When he came round he was told how ill he had been, and he was asked for the address of his nearest relative. There came into his eyes a look of abject misery. "I have no one," he replied bitterly, "I am a down-and-out." "Another mystery man," exclaimed the nurse, "that makes the third we have in this ward."

A Living Corpse

Later the match-seller was medically examined, and X-rays revealed that he was suffering from an internal malignant growth. The months passed by and the disease spread like the roots of a tree until almost every part of the body had become affected. Often he looks like a living corpse.

Yet there was something about him which appealed. Probably it was his courage, for never once did he murmur or complain. Maybe it was his loneliness, for since the day he came to the hospital he did not have one visitor to see him nor did he receive a single letter. At any rate he was one of the most popular patients in the ward, and was favourite with both nurse and doctor alike. Grit he has, and in full measure.

The End was Near

On Christmas Day I walked through the hospital wards. The festivities were in full swing, as I passed round. I came to the incurables, and there was one bed which seemed apart from the rest. All the others had relatives and friends standing around, but this patient was alone. It was the match-seller.

The sister told me that his condition was worse, and it was soon evident that he was not likely to live many days. During a brief interval, when his pains were not so agonising, I sat by his bedside. He seemed to know that his end was not far off, and his voice sounded strangely tender. After a time I left to come away but he called me back.

In a voice quivering with emotion he asked if I would do something for him. Taking from his locker the faded photograph, he said, "When I am gone will you send this to ——. Tell her that it was with me right to the end."

I urged him to let me write at once, and for the first time he showed signs of severe mental anguish. "No, no," he cried passionately, "I could never bear for her to see me like this; it would break her heart." That was the last time I saw him alive. When I went through the hospital the next day he had passed into the Great Unknown.

Mystery Woman

I sent the photograph as he desired, and the following day I had a visitor. The porter announced her by bringing the envelope which had contained the photograph. In a flash I saw that she was the original. For an hour we sat closeted together. I told her all I knew of the patient since his advent to the hospital. Then she told me her story.

Truth is stranger than fiction, so it is said. No play ever produced, no drama ever penned, could compare with the amazing narrative that I heard from that woman's lips. One day, and with her permission, I will make it known.

Revolution in Shaving

NOW A PLEASURE INSTEAD OF TORTURE

Wonderful New Method

SHAVEX

NO BRUSH. NO SOAP.

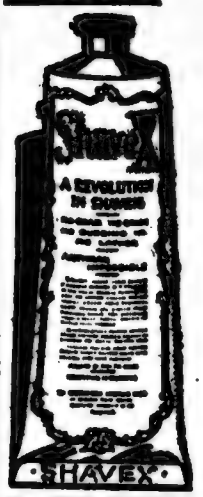
Hundreds of years have gone by, yet man has had only one idea of Shaving—that is, rubbing a brush hard on his face with soapy lather. Now, the modern method is, you smear SHAVEX from the tube lightly over the beard, then shave. You get the most perfect and easy shave you have ever had in half the time and your face will feel like the softest satin; no after lotions are required. SHAVEX is a Skin Food.

SHAVEX keeps your face young and frees it of wrinkles and does not dry up the pores of the skin like soaps that are made of soda

OLD METHOD.

Tortured by old method, which leaves the face stiff and sore.

NEW METHOD.



Soap made with soda, which dries up the skin.

A Brush that collects and holds germs.

Unsanitary mug.

Mr. IVOR NOVELLO the celebrated author and composer, writes:—"'Shavex' is a really splendid invention. I am so often asked to recommend preparations and can so seldom do so, but in this case my appreciation of your 'Shavex' is genuine. I shall always use it."

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HUMPTY DUMPTY HOUSES

Capital, Labour and Materials are the Foundation Stones for the New Houses.

by **SIR EDGAR BONHAM-CARTER, K.C.M.G., C.I.E.**

TO solve the housing problem, houses, and still more houses, are required.

Some people think that what is wanted is not so much additional houses as the clearance of insanitary areas. They are mistaken. The clearance of insanitary areas is very necessary, but the provision of additional houses is even more necessary.

Sir Edgar Bonham-Carter.

Other people think that the housing problem can be left to private enterprise to solve. They also are mistaken. Private enterprise can do anything, if there is profit in it, and is now doing useful work in building small houses and selling them to persons, who have saved a little capital, for their own occupation.

BUT the great mass of the population needs houses let at weekly rents, and the crux of the housing problem is that they cannot afford to pay rents which make the building and letting of new houses profitable.

Even with the subsidy, house property for letting is not an attractive or profitable form of investment. So the speculative builder being unable to find a market for houses to be let at weekly rents does not build them.

WHAT has stopped and is stopping house building is the scarcity of skilled labour in the building trades, and no solution of the housing problem is possible until this difficulty is got over. The building trades have admitted the scarcity of skilled labour and have put forward a valuable scheme for augmenting the supply by increasing the number of apprentices. But their proposals do not go far enough.

No class of the community is entitled to stand between the people and the provision of necessary dwelling accommodation. Further augmentation is necessary of that section of skilled labour which is engaged in the building of houses.

Additional men should be trained specially for house building, a class of work which does not require the same length of training as general building.

The men so trained may be limited to house building under the National Housing Schemes, and adequate safeguards should be provided to protect the skilled operative in the general building trade from risk of unemployment or of reduction of wages owing to the special increase in the supply of labour.

As regards the supply of materials it is essential that the Local Authorities should look ahead. Before embarking on largely increased programmes of building, they must plan ahead for the necessary supplies. They may do this by forward contracts. But if they are unable to obtain the necessary supplies at reasonable prices they should not hesitate to acquire and work their own sources of supply, such as brickfields and the like.

A HOUSING policy, which is based on the belief that the strength of the nation depends on the health and contentment of its people, can accept as its ultimate aim nothing less than the provision of a separate dwelling for each separate family. A separate dwelling for separate families is not necessarily, of course, a separate building, but a dwelling adequate in size and provided separately with all the appliances and conveniences which are necessary for healthy and decent family life. This is the minimum of comfort and decency which humanity demands.

Not Joined by God

by **CHARLES PILLEY**

THE whole system of divorce in this country is in the melting-pot. Humane observers everywhere recognise that the present law cannot possibly stand. It is not only absurd and illogical; it is cruel and immoral.

Let me give an actual illustration of the evil sought to be remedied by Lord Buckmaster's Bill.

Before the war Mrs. Edwin Mellor, of Mirfield, deserted her husband, leaving behind a young baby. Then came the rush to the colours, and the husband joined the Army.

Hearing nothing of his wife, the soldier formed an association with a respectable girl named Florence Fernley and went through a form of marriage with her, which resulted in a conviction for bigamy and a sentence of five months.

NOTHING was heard of Mrs. Mellor till 1920, when she, too, was arrested on a charge of bigamy. In her defence it was stated that, believing her forsaken husband to have been killed in the war, she had ventured to remarry, and upon this plea she was acquitted. Two years later she was again charged with bigamy at Liverpool, where she was living with a Mr. Jones. This time she was convicted, but bound over.

That the Mellors were an ill-assorted couple to begin with there can be no doubt. However, second marriages are often a happy compensation for early mistakes, and in 1922, if only the law would have permitted it, Mellor might have settled down comfortably with his new partner, while his wife consorted amiably with Mr. Jones of Liverpool.

THESE were the facts brought to the notice of Mr. Justice Horridge, when Edwin Mellor sought a divorce from his wife on account of her bigamous association. When the parties faced the Divorce Court, the marriage of the Mellors to all intents and purposes, had been at an end for more than ten years.

Lord Buckmaster.

Eloquently and convincingly counsel urged that the granting of a divorce in a case like this would make for morality. Why should the bare formality of marriage be preserved when all that made it sacred in the eyes of God or man had been desecrated beyond repair?

If no relief were granted to Mr. and Mrs. Mellor it simply meant that two couples would go on "living in sin," two families of illegitimate children might grow up to curse the law which for them meant the brand of shame.

But Mr. Justice Horridge directed that the marriage of the Mellors must stand, as though it were a living sacrament instead of a dishonoured sham. In vain it was pointed out that Mellor had thought to do the honourable thing by his bigamous marriage with Florence Fernley, and that his petition was prompted by the same instincts.

Mr. Justice Horridge must have known full well that by refusing a decree he was condemning two women to perpetual concubinage and two families to unmitigated bastardy. Nevertheless he refused to exercise his discretion, and the marriage which was no marriage will stand in the way of four people's happiness until Parliament passes Lord Buckmaster's Bill, and sets the pining captives free.

I HAVE chosen to tell the story of the Mellors because it is by such "human documents" that the minds of sensible men and women can be aroused to the scandal of the divorce laws. When Lord Buckmaster's Bill becomes law the Courts will be compelled to recognise the *fait accompli* of a ruined marriage, and to give men and women a chance to rebuild their lives unhampered by the debris of mistakes and wrongs that have been paid for in blood and tears.

Words Winged to Women

OPEN YOUR DAUGHTER'S EYES

by

MABEL HORNER

THE list of mysterious disappearances lengthens daily. Descriptions are published of some fresh girlish victim who "left home in the morning to go to work . . . she did not return." Mothers are alarmed. It is only a mother's heart that can feel the agony of apprehension that lies behind each police announcement of a missing girl. None but a mother can fully picture the frightful tragedy that may be revealed when the lost one is finally traced. When the mother is bereaved in this dreadful way every other mother in the land must suffer with her.

Yet the tears and fears of all the mothers in the world would not do much to solve this great problem or help to save a single girl.

In most instances the trouble, at any rate at first, does not begin as crime. There is a deeper, underlying cause of tragedy to girls. Let us face it.

NO thoughtful person now denies that modern children are more precocious than their grandparents at a similar age. Our young people are part of the life to which they belong, and if they are to hold their own in a world of rush and strife it is of no use to hold them back and deny to them the right to knowledge of the deepest facts of life.

Among these deeper facts is the sex instinct—sex curiosity or sex obsession, call it what you will. That is Nature's own provision for the securing of the continuance of the race. Why, then, is all direct allusion to this vital subject, all proper teaching on sex hygiene, slyly omitted from our national curriculum?

Let me be understood. No sooner do I write a word on this vexed question than I am sure to receive a batch of letters complaining that if "only boys and girls were educated strictly apart" all the trouble hinted at above would miraculously depart. Terrible things (mostly unsubstantiated) are told me by correspondents of what goes on in board school class rooms, playgrounds, and the like.

TO them I reply, "Did the Almighty, then, make a mistake when He set the peoples of the earth in families, and sent to the same mother children not of one sex only but of two?"

The very opposite is purity and truth. It is the girl brought up with many brothers who has no morbid curiosity and who is less likely than her lonely friend to be caught out by rascality.

In fact, so much is this recognised that some of the foremost educationists consider that co-education should not be the exception, but the rule. They say, "There is no premature awakening of sex-consciousness when all the energies are absorbed in school work and interests. Daily contact, given sensible conditions and common-sense, tends to postpone it. Girls and boys see each other in plain daylight. They make truer valuations."

The experience of the Quakers, who have had co-education for long over a century, gives valuable data. The girls and boys who are educated in these great schools are not less vital and full of eagerness than other children, but trouble such as hinted at by my correspondents is reduced to a minimum, and all the world knows what the after history of young people educated at Quaker schools is like.

Mr. J. H. Bradley, M.A., Head Master, Bedales School; a strong believer in the value of co-education.

When boys and girls, say, up to fifteen years of age, are educated together, it has been proved that mutual sex-attraction tends to develop along the lines of comradeship and mutual helpfulness. The girl enlarges her mental horizon. The boy is humanised. Together they are preparing for lasting comradeship in the later affairs of life. Above all, the boy is looking at the girl with eyes of respect and chivalry.

This does not mean that boy and girl must do exactly the same things. Both in work and play differences of physique must be remembered. But, just as in home life, so in school, there is a great deal that can be done in common. Mystery and curiosity with their evil outcome are banished. The mental outlook is cleared.

We are not wise to leave to chance this definite training of the boy's overwhelming sex impulse. When we do, tragedy is the result.

How to Keep Well

Neuralgia and Neuritis

BY A WIMPOLE STREET PHYSICIAN

NEURALGIA and neuritis should not be confused one with the other.

Neuralgia means pain in a nerve, usually due to trouble elsewhere in the body. Neuritis is an inflammation of the nerve itself.

Neuralgia of the face is commonly caused by bad teeth, or by an affection of the nose or ear. Neuralgia of the feet is often caused by flat-foot.

Such neuralgias are cured by removing the cause. Their pain is relieved by bathing, or by rubbing in menthol liniment or chloroform liniment.

Neuralgia is often the cry of the nerves for better blood. In women it can often be cured by pills containing iron, and a change of air. A man with neuralgia in his ribs doesn't need medicines. He needs a holiday.

Neuritis is quite a different affair, and sometimes takes months to cure. It is usually due to exposure to cold. Neuritis calls for absolute rest: if in the leg—and rest must be in bed; if in the arm the arm must be put in a sling.

The limb should be smeared, not rubbed, with menthol and wintergreen ointment and wrapped in cotton-wool.

Take aspirin tablets every four hours to ease the pain. Massage and other treatment are useless so long as acute pain is present.

Neuritis of a large number of nerves is a very serious disease. It is sometimes caused by fevers and by lead or arsenic poisoning.

But usually it is due to chronic overindulgence in alcohol.

Magistrate's Insults

by **A POLICE COURT LAWYER**

IS it not time that some method was devised of checking the irresponsible behaviour of certain London police magistrates? Some of our minor cadis seem to imagine that it does not matter how outrageously they treat some of the poor people that trouble or misfortune brings before them.

At one large police-court in South London it is an open secret that it is useless to take out a summons for assault. The sitting magistrate hates assault cases. Instead of enquiring into their merits, he bullies the complainant and almost invariably dismisses the charge. If there is a cross-summons, his method is to fine both parties, so as to discourage such cases. The result is fewer cases to try, and earlier closing of the Court. Very nice for the magistrate, but bad for the locality where, of course, assaults consequently are rampant!

ANOTHER magistrate has a confirmed bias for the woman's side of a case. The wife who complains of her husband or the young girl who goes before him in an affiliation case will win, not necessarily because she ought to win, but because the other side is handicapped by prejudice from the outset. So much is this so, that solicitors and counsel attending the Court have a saying, "Are you on the right side?" meaning in that Court the woman's side.

"Don't trouble to produce the hair," said another magistrate to a poor woman who complained of her hair being torn out. "I get that piece of black hair in every case in my Court." He dismissed the charge. But the hair was light brown, and the woman, a respectable, decent woman who had never been in a police-court before. And she will never go again. "You can't get justice," she complains.

IT is quite the usual thing in some courts for the magistrate to take his seat on the bench half an hour or three-quarters late, keeping the poor people waiting. But if a fashionable K.C. comes down—what a difference. And how often do we hear a magistrate announcing that he "does not intend to sit" after four o'clock and galloping through the last poor persons cases. Justice (to the poor!) often depends upon the luck of being early in the list!

That the dreary work of the Courts should be enlivened with a little humour is an excellent thing—up to a point. But when the jest is a rude, personal insult aimed at a man or woman merely because he or she is too poor and timid to resent it, this is damnable. Yet jeers, flouts and sneers are frequently flung from the Bench.

THE truth is that some of our magistrates have been on the Bench too long. They are becoming senile and prejudiced. One, for example, is almost too deaf to hear the cases properly. Another suffers from such bad health that twinges of pain cross his face while he sits and listens. The poor people suffer too—from his pain-engendered ill-temper.

The time has come when poor people ought to receive more consideration in the Courts. After all, the Courts are their Courts! It is they who pay the salary of the stipendiary magistrate; and in spite of his exalted position he is their servant.

Mr. E. Norman Heath, of Heath's, the Liverpool Chemists, desires it to be known that he is in no way connected with H. C. Heath, B.A., the subject of an article in the issue of "JOHN BULL," dated Jan. 10th.

THE URIC ACID QUESTION

Probably no single subject affecting the health has attracted so much attention in recent times as uric acid. This interest is due to the fact that uric acid is recognised as the pain-inflicting agent in practically every form of rheumatism.

Chronic rheumatism in the joints, muscular rheumatism in the shoulders and back, lumbago, backache, sciatica in the thighs and neuritis in the arms, are all caused by accumulations of tiny crystals of uric acid in the tissues. Take a remedy capable of dissolving these sharp, jagged, uric acid deposits away and your pain and stiffness will speedily disappear. The best and safest remedy for the purpose is Bishop's Varalettes. Their solvent action upon uric acid is recognised by doctors, and hundreds of thousands of persons have secured lasting relief by their aid. If you suffer from rheumatism Bishop's Varalettes offer you the surest means of getting rid of it.

In Bishop's Varalettes the makers do not offer a "quack" nostrum for which miraculous powers to cure all complaints are claimed, but a known and well-tried remedy for rheumatic maladies.

So confident are we of the value of the Varalette treatment—based as it is on 30 years of success—that we willingly refund in full the 7s. paid for a 25 days' course of Bishop's Varalettes where the treatment has been faithfully followed if no relief is obtained. We ask you just to return to us the wrapper from the 7s. bottle.

Bishop's Varalettes are sold by all chemists at 8s. and 7s. per bottle, or direct, post free, from Alfred Bishop Ltd., 50, Spelman Street, London, E.1, from whom a very helpful booklet and guide to dieting can be had gratis by sending a postcard.

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Send a postcard now for your copy of our beautifully illustrated

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and make that Garden of yours as lovely and as profitable as the one you have so often admired. Address us personally to-day:

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"I Was Surprised— Zam-Buk Quickly Ended Pain & Grew New Skin,"

says Mr. H. Chadney, of 1, Fifth Avenue, Bush Hill Park, London, N.

"I happened a serious accident 17 years ago," he continues. "When attempting to take a piece of dirt off a printing press, the revolving rollers closed and jammed my right arm. Nearly all the flesh was stripped off and I was carried to the hospital.

"At first it was thought impossible that the arm could be saved from amputation, but following a consultation, the doctors decided to try grafting flesh from my thighs on to the arm. During my 22 weeks in hospital

I HAD SIX OF THESE SKIN-GRAFTING OPERATIONS,

but still the arm refused to heal.

"Then I was an out-patient for five years. After that, I had long spells of doctors' treatment and tried all sorts of ordinary preparations, but through this huge running wound my arm remained practically useless.

"When a relative told me how Zam-Buk had cured his skin disease I felt I really must give the balm a trial.

"Zam-Buk proved truly wonderful! It surprised me how quickly Zam-Buk ended the pain and inflammation, drew out all bad matter and caused the flesh to start healing. Firm, new healthy skin now covers all the old sore parts. I bless the day I first heard about Zam-Buk. It meant a marvellous cure for me."

For eczema, chilblains, chapped hands, pimples, ulcers, bad legs, piles, scalp disease, boils, abscesses, cuts, bruises, burns, scalds, sprains, etc., Zam-Buk is unequalled. Every home needs this great skin remedy.

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1/3 and 3/- a box of chemists everywhere. The 3/- family size is most economical as it contains nearly 4 times quantity in 1/3 size.

For FREE SAMPLE BOX send 2d. to The Zam-Buk Co., Leeds. Mention "J.B." 7/2/25.

Human Documents

Tragedies of the Heart

And Other Intensely Human Stories and Problems from Real Life

"TWELVE years ago, a young and lonely stranger in a Northern city, I was invited by an office colleague to spend my leisure evenings at his house. His wife was a good musician, and for some months a happy time was spent.

"Then the husband accepted a situation which entailed frequent absences from home, sometimes extending over several months. "You must drop in and see the wife," he said; "it will cheer her up." And that invitation I eagerly accepted.

"Then, one night I dropped in to find her weeping bitterly. She had received incontrovertible proof of her husband's unfaithfulness. She told it as she might tell a brother, and was sympathised with. No further reference was made to the trouble for a month when, it being obvious that she was still grieving, the subject was reopened and a bitter tirade against the husband ended in my offering what consolation I could.

"IT was not long afterwards that the platonic friendship developed into something less innocent. For twelve months it went on, then the husband, though he could prove nothing, made a scene and forbade me the house. The same week I left the city.

"For a year we corresponded, but my interest waned, and on the plea of not making matters worse for her, my letters ceased. Once afterwards I heard that she was 'the unhappiest woman on earth,' and conscience stung with the knowledge that much of her unhappiness was due to me.

"Five years ago she sent for me through her daughter, then nearly twelve years old. She was dying and knew it. Her husband had left her years before, but she had been too proud to ask help from me or anyone. She had no word of regret for our friendship, no remonstrance for past neglect. She desired to live once again in the happy days of the past and to interest me in the children.

"THEY had known me as uncle. As uncle I brought them away after her death and sent them to school. Now some busybody has told the girl that I am not her uncle, hinting that her mother was not a good woman, and almost breaking the girl's heart.

"She wants to know the truth. Shall I risk losing the love of this child and that of her younger brother by telling the full story? Shall I compromise by telling them I am not an uncle, but a good friend of their mother's? Or shall I confirm in speech the lie I have been living, and leave the children undisturbed and happy?"

"Humanist" says: *Why not tell the girl that you are not really her uncle, but a family friend to whom that title was given? Why should you sully the mother's memory to her child? You would be a contemptible creature if you did.*

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer are suppressed so that the authors may not be identified. In cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient interest to be helpful to others, correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes if they wish to be answered through the post. Ten shillings is sent to each of the writers of the first three letters printed.

"MANY years ago, when my father was a vicar, we had working at the vicarage as washerwoman, a young woman with an illegitimate son of my own age. I became acquainted with a young lady and fell in love with her.

A Rival Appears

"All went well with our courtship till, unfortunately for myself, the lad of ms boyhood days turned up.

"My fiancée has become infatuated with this man, and he with her, but in the struggle for her affection he is certainly not playing the game.

"I hate to be mean, yet am greatly tempted to tell my fiancée the real truth, which would not only save her from this impostor, but further my own suit too. What do you advise?"

"Humanist" says: *You cannot be a gentleman and stoop to undermine an illegitimate rival by illegitimate means. You are entitled to tell the girl that she ought to know the man's father and family if he wishes to marry her. I do not think you can go beyond that. A man is not to blame for illegitimacy, nor, I think, for wishing to conceal it. Still, I would think more of him if he were brave enough to tell the truth.*

"YEARS ago a friend of mine, then in poor circumstances, was fortunate enough to obtain an apprenticeship in a good business. From this position he climbed until he was as proficient as his master. In time this master, an inconsiderate person, retired. He wished to sell his business, which was in a flourishing condition, and many were eager to buy it. My friend was offered first chance, at a moderate figure; but had to pay cash down by a certain date. Until very near that date my friend, his savings small but his ambition great, made every endeavour to obtain the money; but was unsuccessful. Then, when hope seemed all gone, the unexpected happened.

Woman Pays

"He had a slight acquaintance with a young lady who is ugly not only in looks, but also in disposition. She was not without money, and apparently had come to the conclusion that her chance of romance was a remote one; for, hearing of my friend's plight, she told him that if he would promise to marry her she would give him the money he wanted. With unthinking eagerness he promised, although this promise was never written.

"Now, a few years later, he prospers, but is still unmarried. Realising that union with the lady mentioned would mean a cessation of many joys in life, he continues, under protest from the lady, to put the fateful ceremony off. He could quite easily pay her twice the amount she gave him, but possibly because he realises the futility of such a procedure, will not suggest to the lady such a way out.

"Must he pay the price for his blind ambition? Should he marry her?"

"Humanist" says: *Of course he ought to marry her, having promised to do so, and having won position and success by her aid. No decent man would ask such a question. In such a case, he could be made a defendant in a breach of promise action, which would compensate the lady financially at least. Has he no sense of honour or gratitude?*

Brother's Suspicions.

"My brother's mind has been poisoned against me, and I cannot prove my innocence without prejudicing a valued old friend."

Ask this old friend to do his duty and clear your name, in confidence, to your brother. If he is really a friend he will do it.

Family Debt.

"My brother borrowed £100 from me and has since died in America. I cannot get it back from his widow, who has a big private income."

You do not say what documentary evidence you have, or what estate your brother left. If you have proof, and your brother left property, you can, of course, put in and recover your claim.

The Aristocrat.

"My maid, I am sure, is a woman of high social position who has come down in the world. She is for some reason concealing her identity. I think she has been sadly disillusioned by a bad husband. I want to help her, yet she will not speak."

Respect your maid's confidence. Show her any kindness you can. There may be much sorrow and pain behind her reticence.

A Woman's Problem.

"My fiancé, who confessed to me on our engagement that he had been living with a woman for some years, is the father of a child just born to another woman. I love him still. But is it right to forgive a second time?"

We have the highest authority for repeated forgiveness. But common prudence suggests that marriage with this man would be a very risky adventure.

A Widow's Child.

"My daughter went on the stage twelve years ago. She is now thirty, and she is still alive. I believe she married a titled man just after the war, and is now living in luxury. I cannot trace her. Can you help me? She is all I have in the world."

I can only ask your daughter, if she sees this answer, to communicate with you. Possibly the Actors' Association may give you a list of titled men who have married actresses. This would help.

STEPHEN DONOGHUE
(The World-Famous Jockey)
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WHEREVER YOU RESIDE WE UNDERTAKE TO FIT YOU PERFECTLY.

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If, after examining the excellent material, workmanship and finish of either this wonderful £2 Barry Suit or Overcoat you are not of the opinion that it is the greatest bargain you have ever seen, we will refund not only the £2 paid, but 2/6 over and above that sum to compensate you for your trouble. Do not confuse this £2 Wool Tweed Suit or Overcoat with the cheap sale goods so extensively being boomed in the London Press. It is something entirely different.

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ALL WOOL BLACK VICUNA COAT and VEST and STRIPED WORSTED TROUSERS To measure for £4 : 0 : 0 Ask specially for these patterns, if required.	Superfine WORSTED SUIT to measure for £4 : 10	Blue Serge SUIT to measure for £3 : 10

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Keep a bottle handy—every member of the family will need it to kill the pain of

RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, NEURITIS. SPRAINS, BRUISES, CRAMP, BACKACHE, STIFFNESS,

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Mr, J. McKenna, St. Patrick's House, Kilmainham, Dublin, writes:—" . . . I was very bad with Sciatica in my hips and legs, not able to walk without assistance, but I am now perfectly cured through taking a friend's advice, who told me to get a bottle of Sloan's Liniment."

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Mr. Wm. Wolfe, 32, Mary Street, Saltaire writes;—" . . . I have used your Liniment for 30 years for Sciatica and Muscular Rheumatism, and can say without fear of contradiction it is the finest pain reliever in the world."

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Dr. Blosser's Remedy is composed of medicinal herbs, flowers, and berries, which you smoke in a dainty pipe or cigarette. The smoke-vapour is inhaled into the air passages of the head, nose, throat, and lungs, and carries medicine where sprays, douches, and salves cannot possibly reach. Its effect is soothing and healing and is entirely harmless. It contains no cubebs or tobacco, and may be used by women and children as well as men.

If you suffer from catarrh, asthma, catarrhal deafness, or if subject to frequent colds, send for a free sample to Dr. Blosser, Ltd. (Dept. 121, B.E.), Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4. and you will receive, by return post, a trial package containing four Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes to prove their beneficial and pleasant effect. The new 1/6 size packet containing 20 cigarettes is on sale at Boot's, Taylor's, and nearly all other chemists' shops.

Our Letter Parliament

The Bread Robbers

Our Readers Air their Views on Topics of the Day

Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

Good Interest

Your exposure of the bread ramp is opportune. The repeated increases in price are unnecessary; the reasons and excuses put forward for them are unstable and evasive. I hold shares in a bread society that sells the 4-lb. loaf at 9d., and last year it paid 8s. per £1 share for a dividend, so that to say that the bakers are not getting a good living is quite untruthful.—"*Fair Trade.*"

Quality and Price

Compare the present price of bread with the pre-war price. Is there any possible justification for the amazing difference? Bread is so vital to the community that any needless tampering with it—either in quality or price—should be little short of a criminal offence. You have shown that the present price is far too high. The "powers that be" must scotch the profiteers and bring the bread price back to a sane level. The people have suffered too long to suffer much longer.—"*Worker's Wife,*" *Glasgow.*

Robbers Unpunished

Bread is the staple food of the people. It is when their bread is threatened that the people show those qualities least desired in a democracy. More than one revolution has been precipitated in the world by dear—and almost unobtainable—bread. Our loaf is becoming far too expensive. It is difficult for poor people to buy it. Why cannot our authorities take warning and check the activities of the bread profiteers? Who are the thieves that they go unpunished?—*T. S. S., Norwich.*

All in the Ramp

The cost of the staple articles of food, and the price of the loaf in particular, is without doubt one of the most vital questions of the day. The greatest hardship is undoubtedly borne by the very poorest classes, as to them the cost of the loaf is exactly similar as that demanded of the well-to-do, to whom "a penny on the loaf" is a mere bagatelle. To my mind, importers, speculators, millers and retailers are all in the ramp, and you will earn the gratitude of the poor by continuing the exposure of these unprincipled mercenaries.—"*Antiramp.*"

Home-made Bread

Your article on "The Bread Thieves" reminds me how forty years ago, a great many folk averred that "bakers' bread wasn't good enough." Time was when every large household baked its own bread. Surely the small householder could do the same. Why should not three or four families combine? There have been many instances of private individuals baking bread "after grandmother's recipe," and selling it at a fixed price. If that sort of thing were a little more common it might help to bring the millers and bakers to a better understanding.—*W. G. Janes, Hampstead.*

Kill or Cure?

Ninety-nine out of every hundred retail bakers are profiteering, and in order to continue doing so call upon the millers to help them by refusing to supply those who sell below the "standard price." Then the question arises, "Why do most of the Co-operative Societies charge 10d. a loaf?" They have their own buying organisation at Montreal, flour mills in England with an output in 1923 of £7,076,126, and they need only make a very small profit. They should be in a position to "kill" the profiteer. Why don't they?—"*Working Man,*" *Bridport.*

Perils for Women

I think some of your readers are inclined to get hysterical on the question of mistaken charges of "soliciting." Or are they inclined to have a dig at the police through the Press? In answer to one of them, who apparently is very ignorant of police procedure, I would say that if any proved respectable person were brought to a police station at any hour of the night she could be bailed out by her husband or other relative.—"*One Who Knows,*" *Dartford.*

Husbands by Post

One of your readers, deploring that men get into touch with prospective wives through correspondence, forgets that there are men in the back woods, who cannot attend dances, tennis clubs, or any of the dozen other social functions, and thus have no facilities for meeting girls. I am a bachelor, farming in East Africa, away from civilisation, and have on many occasions been on the point of advertising for a life partner, and my only reason for not doing so is: I don't want my name in the Press.—"*Lonely,*" *East Africa.*

Real Love

To a woman true love—love with which no other joy on earth can compare—is only born when she has given birth to a child from the man she has chosen as her man in life. Childless couples can rarely know that full sweetness of each other's soul as do those who are blessed with little ones—flesh of their flesh, blood of their blood and tiny souls of their souls. "There is nothing that can take the place of a child," says "A Hospital Superintendent." And to this might be added that no balm can heal the undying longing of those who have "had and lost."—*E. W. S., Colchester.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"WEEK END NOVELS":—"The girl clung to him, WHITE-FACED and breathless: her clothes and hair smelt of the fire, as did Harvey's, while BOTH their FACES were as BLACK AS SOOT."

"MANCHESTER EVENING CHRONICLE" (advert.):—"Full size oak BEDSTEADS, GLASS DOOR, enclosed DRESSING-TABLE with two pillows."

"WESTERN EVENING HERALD":—"The bride's mother wore navy SERGE SILK, and the bridegroom's mother black silk."

"GLASGOW DAILY RECORD":—"The twenty-four passengers of the street car, INCLUDING THE RIVER, had to be taken to hospital."

"FAMILY HERALD":—"She waited, outwardly patient, while Ethel SWEPT UP the untidy HEART."

"YORKSHIRE TELEGRAPH & STAR":—"At first he worked at a COLLIERY in the DRAPERY FIRM."

"DAILY MAIL" (advert.):—"Patterns free; GLOVES made from customer's OWN SKINS."

The Terrible "National"

Is it not time that the stewards of the Grand National race meeting should "put their heads together" and think of a way whereby the terrible obstacles on the Aintree course could be at least modified? There is always keen rivalry for the blue riband of steeplechasing, but does it not seem rather hard that the thoroughbreds should be practically jumped to death in the way the Aintree course demands?—*Wm. M. Edwards.*

Do We Sleep Enough?

We live in an age of rush and bustle, when there is considerable strain upon the nervous system. In spite of this, numbers of people, particularly young people, persist in "late hours," and spend time in feverish excitement which ought to be spent in sleep. The after effects are noticeable next morning—a hurried breakfast and a disinclination for work. Good, sound, refreshing sleep is the best of all medicines.—*W. J. G., Scarborough.*

Cricket Snobs

Till Lord Hawke assured us otherwise, we thought, mistakenly, that cricket was a democratic game, free from class distinction. Amateur captains for Test Matches have been tried, but under them the loss of the "ashes" has put English cricket spirit in continual "sackcloth," and such skippers have been found wanting. Parkin may have been indiscreet, but so is the policy which keeps him at home a critic, when he ought to be out in Australia for his cricket. Gilligan has been a gallant, but unlucky leader.—*G. H. Brunt, Fakenham.*

Britain's Dark Spots

The article by Mr. John Wheatley, M.P., should cause those to think who so readily condemn the "Wild men of the Clyde." The wonder is that they are not worse. How can men's best instincts come to the surface in such depressing surroundings, where the laws of decency must blunt all one's finer instincts? I have passed through various villages and towns in Lanarkshire and without knowing anything of the working-class dwellings, the sight of them has always caused a feeling of depression. What must it be for those who are obliged to live there?—*W. Scarsbrook.*

Here and There

The "Gentleman with a Duster" rightly warns the public about the true state of Russia. Any man with common sense ought to see that this country is farther ahead than anything in Russia can be now, though we have many drawbacks and many wrongs to right. If some workers' leaders would take more to their own country, and believe it less, and stop holding forth on the virtues of every country but their own, a truer perspective of our own country could be seen, and things might brighten up considerably.—*J. H., Bolton.*

Short-sighted Employers

Your contributor, the Earl of Denbigh, says that only a few short-sighted employers reduce piece-work rates, when workers contrive to earn a little extra. This, however, in the coal mines, is a universal practice, and my experience is not confined to one pit or area. (One) you wonder that a collier after slaving to make a little extra, and finding his rate cut, asks for a higher minimum wage? This rate cutting is not always done direct, but by means of reducing the allowances for deadwork, etc.—"*A Collier.*"

AWAY WITH NERVES

After a worrying, troublesome and tiring day's work leaving your nerves "on edge," you think joyfully of the peaceful and restful sleep when for some blissful hours you will forget your troubles.

But you must have restful sleep—you must soothe and feed your nerves.

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This Armchair

YOU Can Make It At Home During the Evenings.

Design for Armchair with adjustable seat and back.—"Practical Woodworker," page 876.

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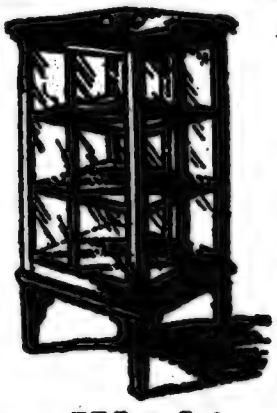

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GLASGOW.

'Duggie Never Owes.'

"Well In" for the Big Double

The Lincoln and National Weights—Racing Gossip from all Quarters

I COULD occupy my page this week discussing the weights for the Lincoln and National, but as the two big events are still nearly two months off I am only going to black letter my idea of the three best-handicapped horses in each event. Having done this I intend to dig myself in behind that famous phrase which we owe to the new "Earl of Oxford."

THE LINCOLN.	THE NATIONAL.
JARVIE.	ARDEEN.
ARAUSIO	RUDDYGLOW.
TORLONIA.	DRIFTER.

Don't forget that the acceptances are due, and that most of the money handed to the bookmakers in February helps to swell their banking accounts. There is plenty of time.

Tapin Is Here!

Tapin, the sole entry of the Eknayan stable, has already arrived in England from France, but it does not follow that he will be in the Lincolnshire field. He is, however, to be raced in this country during the season, and I am assured on sound authority that he is a horse to bear in mind when Bartholomew has him to his liking. All the same, don't be in too big a hurry to follow the lead of the bookmakers who are trying to make Tapin favourite for the Carholme event.

Some "National" Advice.

Now that Mr. Topham has let the cat out of the bag and supplied us with the weights for the National, it will probably pay to follow the pick of the handicap below 11 stone until the big race takes place in March. Several of the 'chasers who are nicely in will be turning up at long odds, much to the surprise of their connections. The fear of a big burden at Liverpool is responsible for many a peculiar performance during December and January.

100 to 1 Goes Begging.

Onega, one of my 1924 flat race friends, popped up at 20 to 1 at Windsor. One well-known penciller in Tatt's offered 100 to 1 against the son of Steadfast and even at that price he could not tempt the little circle of punters who gathered round him. Onega is worth backing every time he runs.

WHAT'LL IT GET?
(The Punter and his Lincoln Fancy).

What'll it get?
I bet
I'll feel regret
When weights are set.
What'll it get?
What'll it get?
It makes
Me fret, and sweat
And feel upset
What'll it get?
What'll it get?
Maybe
Just seven stone three
Then I'd be far from blue
Here are the weights. Ye Fates
It irritates!
At eight-stone two!
What'll I do?

Happy Tons of Money.

A reader has asked me if I know what has become of Tons of Money, the Lincoln bogey horse of two years ago. Tons of Money is having the time of his life being hunted with the Warwickshire hounds, but he has not finished with racing. I understand his owner, Mr. McGregor, intends to try him over fences.

Code Selections 13 Points Up.

The code selections are still going strong and backed each way since the commencement of the National Hunt season they show a profit of 13 points. Not so bad considering the putrid type of racing we have had for the past two months. I have just commenced to receive information from a new source and this occasionally necessitates revising some of the black letter selections which I give in JOHN BULL. If I alter a tip you can take my word that the revised selection is "information."

Baiting Jockeys is Poor Sport.

Baiting jockeys is the latest pastime of many so-called sportsmen, judging by the reception given to Jack Anthony at Windsor and Warwick. I don't like it: it is Continental. I wonder how many sportsmen noticed that on the occasion of both demonstrations Anthony was riding "His Luck." The gelding, who has won seven of his last eight races, is a splendid jumper, and is one of the best outsiders for the National. Anthony was so disgusted by the outburst at Warwick that he refused to ride on the second day of the meeting. I felt sorry for him, as he is a fine sportsman. Jack has two or three Grand Nationals to his credit, and this year he hopes to steer Conjuror II. to victory. It will be remembered the Conjuror was knocked over last year, I think this is the first time the horse has ever come to grief.

Jack Anthony

Crossing Barred.

An amended rule in French racing makes it illegal for any rider to "cross over at any stage of the race from the position in which he was drawn at the start, no matter how much space there may be between him and other horses. It may be that the new rule will end the many disputes about crossing, but I do not suppose we shall ever see a similar rule adopted in this country.

THIS WEEK'S SELECTIONS.

Gatwick, Wednesday,
MORECOY. RED SPLASH.
Gatwick, Thursday,
TURBINE SECUNDUS. OVE
Sandown Park, Friday,
FLYING SIMON. BLARIS.
Sandown Park, Saturday,
BRITISH WARM. REDSHA
Manchester, Friday,
EARLY BIRD. FLY MASK.
Manchester, Saturday
GOLDEN. BALLYMACRORY.

And This Week's Tip.

Week-end racing this week takes place at Manchester. If you intend to restrict yourself to one or two bets make a little on the horses sent over from Ireland.

JUMPERS TO FOLLOW.

Rathcoole.—I paid a visit to the paddock at Windsor and was very much impressed by this splendid-looking chestnut. In beating Sancroft he put up his best performance of the season. It will pay to follow the gelding.

Martinique.—My code selection for the Corporation Handicap Hurdle Race at the same meeting won by a distance. He was handicapped to do so. Failed Martinique and also the runner-up Festoon.

Rathory.—Several of my Irish friends tell me that Rathory is the pick of the entries for the National. Jimmy Brown rode the horse in the Grand Sefton when he ran third to another Irishman, Brenode. In the National Rathory will carry 11 lbs. for the beating.

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—
Sporting Life and Sportsman, Sporting Chronicle, Sporting Pink, Western Mail, Glasgow Noon Record, Birmingham Mail, Irish Independent.

A 2 E Q R P L U O H J Z K I
W X S V C M 8 Y B G T N F D

How to read the code:—In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the line, as the case may be P W C J D Z D V Y S would read MARTINIQUE.

This code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from February 4 to February 10.

Soccer this Week-end

The English clubs will be back to League games this week-end. Of those in the running for the championship, I shall expect Bolton to beat Cardiff at Bolton; West Bromwich to beat Burnley at home; and Huddersfield to get the better of the Villa, although this would be no certainty were the Villa to have their best team out again.

Sunderland are good enough to beat the County at Nottingham, if they touch their top form, but there is a vast difference between their best and their worst.

In Division II, Manchester United will have to go all out to beat Clapton Orient, for the latter are an improved side and there are signs that the United are not quite so good as they were. Derby should beat Middlesbrough all right, and I also look to Chelsea and Leicester City to keep their places with a couple of home points.

WEEK-END COUPS.

7 HOME.—Newcastle, West Bromwich, Swansea, Derby Co., Darlington, New Brighton, Blackpool.

5 HOME.—Newcastle, Swansea, Derby Co., Darlington, New Brighton.

3 AWAY.—Sunderland, Plymouth, Swindon.

3 DRAWS.—Exeter v. Watford, Stockport v. Palace, Hartlepools v. Chesterfield.

3 HOME, 3 AWAY.—West Bromwich, Swansea, Darlington, Sunderland, Swindon.

1 HOME, 1 AWAY, 1 DRAW.—Swansea, Plymouth, Exeter v. Watford.

FORECASTS FOR FEBRUARY 14.

THE LEAGUE—DIVISION I.
HOME WINNERS.—Aston V., Burnley, *Chelsea, *Manchester C., *Sunderland.
AWAY WINNERS.—*West Bromwich A., *Bolton W., Sheffield U.
DRAWS.—*Arsenal v. Huddersfield, *Blackburn v. 'Spurs, Liverpool v. Newcastle.

THE LEAGUE—DIVISION II.
HOME WINNERS.—Barnsley, *Bradford, Middlesbrough, *Oldham A., *Wednesday, *Southampton, *Wolves.
AWAY WINNER.—*Derby Co.
DRAWS.—*Clapton O. v. Leicester, *Fulham v. Manchester U., *Palace v. Chelsea.

THE LEAGUE—DIVISION III. (South)
HOME WINNERS.—Aberdare, *Bristol C., *Charlton A., *Newport, Northampton, Portsmouth A., Queen's Park, Southend, *Swindon.
AWAY WINNER.—Swansea.
DRAW.—*Norwich v. Millwall.

THE LEAGUE—DIVISION III. (North)
HOME WINNERS.—Accrington, *Barnsley, Walsall.
AWAY WINNERS.—New Brighton, *Darlington, Barrow, Bradford.
DRAWS.—*Chesterfield v. Rochdale, *Crewe v. Southport, Durham v. Doncaster, *Wrexham v. Ashington.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.
HOME WINNERS.—*Airdrieonians, *Clyde, Dundee, Hibernians, Morton, *Partick, Raith R., *St. Mirren.
AWAY WINNER.—Rangers.
DRAW.—Queen's Park v. Cowdenbeath.
(For coupon purposes, nap selections marked with an asterisk.)

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Wireless for All

by MICHAEL EGAN

BRITISH broadcasting has now been in full swing for over two years, and Britain to-day enjoys the reputation of possessing one of the most efficient broadcasting services in the world. But there are still millions who have not yet equipped themselves with the simple instruments necessary for the reception of these programmes.

This apathy towards broadcasting is chiefly apparent in outlying country districts—where, one would imagine, the social and entertainment value of wireless would be most fully appreciated. The inhabitants of agricultural areas in particular seem to think that broadcasting is something that cannot interest them.

This is quite an erroneous opinion.

There is no mechanical skill required to instal or manipulate a wireless receiver for the purpose of listening-in to broadcast programmes. Anyone who has the skill to erect a clothes line can tackle the job of erecting a wireless aerial.

And it is no more difficult to manipulate a crystal set, or a simple valve set, than it is to manipulate a gramophone. As a matter of fact, country folk enjoy a distinct advantage over city folk in the matter of aerials. City aerials, owing to the inevitable lack of space, are rarely as efficient as they might be.

With regard to cost, wireless instruments were never so cheap as they are to-day. Complete crystal outfits, including telephones, aerial and tuner, are to be had for 30s. or a couple of pounds. For four or five pounds one can get a simple valve receiver which, under normally good conditions, will bring in signals from two or three different broadcasting stations.

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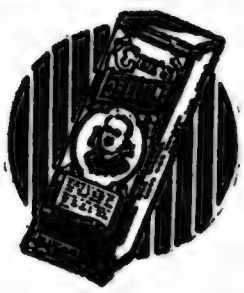

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Dear Sirs,—Lobelline was a Godsend to my wife. It is the only remedy that has done my wife and child any good. It has cured my wife of a cough she had every winter for fifteen years. There is no doubt that Lobelline is the finest remedy on the market.

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Neuritis is the medical term for inflammation of the nerves. It is caused through the nerves not receiving sufficient nourishment. Your nerves are fed through the blood, and if that is thin and poor it cannot supply the needed nourishment. The starved nerves then become inflamed, and neuritis results. To banish neuritis you must build up the blood by taking Dr. Williams' pink pills.

Mrs. M. Pedley, of Greenas Farm, Marske, Richmond, Yorks, says:—"For twelve months I was tortured with neuritis. It attacked me in my hands and knees. I could get no rest night or day, and sometimes I was driven almost frantic with pain.

"I read about Dr. Williams' pink pills, and decided to try them. After taking the pills a few days, the pain grew much easier. I continued with the pills, and soon the stiffness disappeared. Now I am quite fit, and have to thank Dr. Williams' pink pills for freeing me from neuritis."

All chemists sell Dr. Williams' pink pills, 3s. 0d. box. TESTED JB

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Money refunded if not entirely satisfied.

We claim that our new Scientific Treatment gives quick relief, stops Truss Discomfort, and renders the sufferer free from restraint. No matter how far advanced your rupture may be, you can apply this treatment in the privacy of your home. There are no springs or lumpy pads. Our files of hundreds of sworn testimonials reveal astounding successes.

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Please send me full particulars of your treatment for Rupture, (Dept. E.P.)

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John Bull's Letter Bag

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious, and he wants you to see it in this light. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note and take his leave with a smile. Serious questions are handled by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service. See note at top of last column this page.

T. F. (Acton).—"I always dance on my toes." So do our partners—on ours.

T. B. (Brighton).—"Railways have now been running more than fifty years." And yet they can't keep time.

L. F. (Buxton).—"I am the father of triplets." Sorry, but we have no agony column!

O. T. (Whitby).—"I am about to be married for the fifth time." Yours is evidently a hubby hobby.

S. B. (Darlington).—"I consider myself a good angler." What's your best exaggeration?

F. H. (Woolwich).—"My son is a coming Chancellor of the Exchequer." How many hats has he got?

K. M. (Baldock).—"Do Scotsmen make good boxers?" No; they can seldom stand a round!

T. W. (Bedford).—"Few men are really missed." The cat burglar is, anyway.

W. N. (Putney).—"Who really won the Battle of Jutland?" O, go to Jellicoe!

T. A. (Maidenhead).—"I do not believe in hasty marriages." No; we also draw the line at—one!

F. W. (Chingford).—"How often do the good die young?" Only once, we believe.

F. W. (Hadfield).—"I've just finished an extensive walking-tour." We hope the baby won't be so troublesome again.

H. J. (Bursiem).—"Whisky is much too expensive." Still, we're hoping to see a drop before bedtime.

A. L. (Ipswich).—"Strict vegetarianism is the key to good health." But so many people find it a skeleton key!

S. B. (Wolverhampton).—"The world will end this year." Shut up!—we planted some everlasting peas only last week.

R. E. C. (Guildford).—"Hesitancy on the part of a speaker is a thing which I can easily forgive." On the grounds, we presume, that to er . . . er is human.

"EMPLOYER" (Swansea). — "A fiancée's attractions often hinder a man's career." In fact, once he gets off, he finds it more difficult to get on.

"CITIZEN" (Park).—"Where are the nation's great statesmen of fifty to a hundred years ago?" We cannot with any certainty prophesy, but we hope for the best.

"RED" (Galashiels). — "The Communist Party absolutely understands the 'people' upside down." Apparently—but it is more important to know them the right way up.

J. T. B. (Kensington).—"I like water." We wash too.

HENRY T. (Barnsley).—"I take after my mother." That's right—ladies first.

K. P. (Luton).—"My choice is bitter." Is she? Then do something to make her sweet.

F. B. (Durham).—"My fiancé, I'm glad to say, never looks after any other girl." Then he's pretty sure to look after you.

S. S. (Barnet).—"I am a teetotaller as a rule, but when I heard I was a father, I went out and had a double." Twins, eh?

L. B. (Bacup).—"I would rather sing duets than solos." Perhaps you're right. You halve the blame that way.

J. B. (Purley).—"She has lost her youthful charms." A hole in her handbag?

T. P. (Clapton).—"It's the overhead expenses that worry me." Wife been hinting for new hats?

A. B. (Flint).—"He has a powerful voice but it's hard to distinguish the words." Is he a railway porter?

F. A. (Lowestoft).—"In Test Matches too much depends on the state of the ground and the spin of the coin." Or, in other words, on pitch and toss!

P. T. (Coleshill).—"Oil stoves entail a great deal of work for the country housewife." Such a lot of paraffin-alia, we presume.

V. E. (Maidstone).—"My wife never apologises." Perhaps hers is not the quarter from which the apologies should come?

G. T. (Arley).—"Before we were married, my wife regarded me as a king among men." Now, we suppose, she has made it clear that you ain't gonna reign no more.

G. K. (Bridlington).—"There were fourteen people in one carriage and some of them were under the influence of alcohol." It must have been a tight squeeze.

P. R. E. (Eastchurch).—"After forty years in business, the yearly balance has no terrors for me." Apparently you're quite used to the ups and downs of the balance.

B. L. (Bristol).—"He got imprisoned for stealing £1." *Quod pro quid.*

L. P. (Frinton).—"The best way to get on is to enjoy your work." Make a vacation of your vocation.

H. T. F. (York).—"My friends say I should go far." We're inclined to agree with them.

H. L. (Dundee).—"Can you make sense of my letter?" We will tackle any problem, however difficult.

G. N. (Southend).—"Once I see a face I never forget it." We've seen faces like that, too.

M. D. (Mitcham).—"I thought I had better write you a letter." See next time you don't do it in rhyme.

L. E. (Folkestone).—"I can't understand what made me kiss her." Are you the chap who made a song about it?

T. V. (Twickenham).—"He gave me a clock to settle his debt." Is it a going concern?

H. R. C. (Crowborough).—"What is a cotton dance, anyhow?" Some sort of reel, we suppose.

A. P. (Croydon).—"My neighbour often invites me to smoke a cigar in his garden." That's one way of helping him to thin out his weeds.

A. F. (Cleckheaton). — "My son's taking up the law to become a barrister." And if he ever becomes a judge he'll lay it down.

P. T. F. (Torquay).—"Some waiters make plenty of money without working very hard." They rely more on palm oil than elbow grease.

G. S. A. (Raynes Park).—"My son nearly killed himself trying to become a first-class footballer." He appears to have laid himself out to become a success.

D. M. (Bristol).—"Although as a domestic servant I hate the uniform I have to wear, I don't want you to publish my name." We understand—you don't want to appear in *print*!

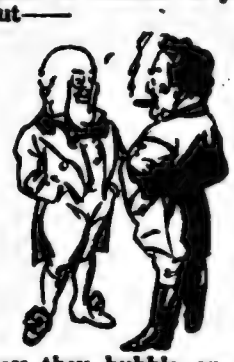
W. R. C. (Oxford).—"Treasury notes are unhealthy—they carry germs wherever they go." Well, if you win this week's *Bullets* £1,000, the doctor's bill won't worry you.

Imaginary Talks.

John Bull meets an Old Friend

JOHN BULL: Hullo, friend Showman—merry and bright as ever, eh?

THE SHOWMAN: Merrier and brighter, old boy, and that's a fact. Not quite so sensible as your dear old self, but——



JOHN BULL: Each man to his job. My speciality's common sense.—

THE SHOWMAN: And mine's uncommon nonsense. "A laugh a line" is my motto, but my merry lads look like making it *ten* a line the way they bubble on. I wish I could publish two issues a week instead of one.

JOHN BULL: One *Passing Show* every Saturday's enough for me. Why, it's the following Friday evening before I've finished laughing. Ashley Sterne's page last week nearly cost me a new waistcoat.

THE SHOWMAN: Then be careful how you read his latest. He's caught a cold this week, and it seems to have made him funnier than ever. Listen to this little bit. "At the bobedt of writi'g," he says, "I'b dowd with by custobary widter code, add I fadcy the bicrobes bust have got idto by ped-dib!"

JOHN BULL (*chuckling*): I hope cold print isn't infectious.

THE SHOWMAN: Not so infectious as Ben Traver's humour—he's another of the stars in my weekly firmament. I tell you, his version of *Red Riding Hood* is a pantomime in itself.

JOHN BULL: Is my old friend "A. G. G." writing this week?

THE SHOWMAN: Yes. Hurry up and collar your copy, John—you'll agree it's a sur-*Passing Show* of good things for tuppence.

THERE are some nights when you can't sit and enjoy the wireless at your own fireside. It isn't the reception that's wrong; it's yourself.

At the back of your mind there is that little canker of worry that keeps you from concentrating. You are wondering how you can get rid of it.

Write to JOHN BULL about it!

Our wonderful Free Advice Service answers every question put to it—it doesn't matter what the subject. We are solving readers' problems, easing their worries and righting their wrongs.

Enclose a stamped addressed envelope with your query, and a confidential reply will be sent you through the post.

B. E. (Headcorn).—"Too many couples get married in haste." And repent by *decrees*?

H. M. (Northfield).—"A cold bath makes me feel in the pink." The thought of it, however, makes most of us feel blue.

ALICE E. (Halifax).—"There is no side about me." Rubber corsets are, we gather, an effective remedy.

B. M. P. (Cambridge).—"My favourite colour is golden brown." So is ours—particularly when seen through glass.

P. L. (Waterloo).—"I had good moral principles taught me at my mother's knee." And across father's?

D. G. (Clerkenwell).—"I dislike vegetables, and consider them harmful." Then you're off your onion.

S. T. (Leicester).—"I don't seem able to take enough interest in my business." Then you're clearly not a moneylender.

A. T. (Dublin).—"I've decided to back one more horse, and that shall be the last." The ones we back usually are.

L. K. (Nuneaton).—"I'm surprised at you, sir!" Oh, go on reading us. You'll soon get used to it.

B. D. (Heywood).—"My new hat's a perfect poem." A sort of "Owed To a Milliner"?

J. D. (Pinner).—"I don't seem able to laugh these days." Then smile as much you can.

R. P. (Hyde).—"I can't sleep, although I've tried everything." You should write yourself a letter, and read it just before you go to bed.

P. L. M. (Swindon).—"An apple a day *does* keep the doctor away." Could you tell us the fruit that has the same effect on the rate-collector?

D. G. (Finsbury).—"We can't judge girls by their clothes." No; we want something more substantial to go on than that.

L. N. (Leicester).—"The postman brought me an income-tax claim for £20 and a bill for £5." That was a single double knock.

P. T. (Camden Town).—"What is it that holds up our traffic?" A word of three letters signifying lack of atmospheric clarity.

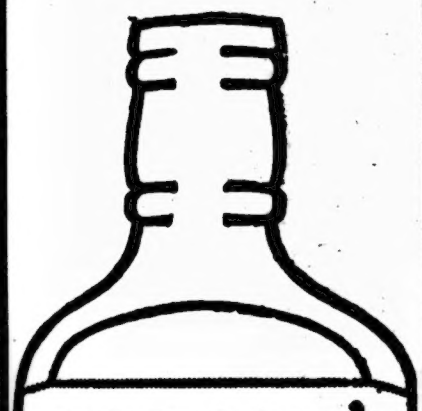
P. G. (Victoria).—"I was on a 'bus when a mouse appeared and the lady passengers shrieked at the conductor." It must have been like a revue except for the fact that the vocalists wore stockings.

G. J. (London, S.W.).—"Wild life is fast disappearing from the suburbs." Have you never seen a stout, red-faced gentleman spattered with mud by a 'bus that wouldn't stop for him?

G. J. (Camberwell).—"My son is crazy to go on the stage." Considering the present overcrowded state of the theatrical profession, we're inclined to think he is.

(*Many replies unavoidably held over.*)

ACHES & PAINS or



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I'LL TEACH YOU to PLAY the PIANO BRILLIANTLY & Read Music Readily At Sight.

THERE is a way to learn to PLAY—and PLAY BRILLIANTLY—and READ NEW MUSIC READILY at sight.

I have taught thousands this way, and I guarantee to please—and even surprise—you with your rapid progress under my teaching.

I teach you from ordinary Music by a method that makes your mind and muscle work as one with the keyboard so that you quickly learn to PLAY and Sight Read Music of All Kinds—Dance, Classical, Songs and Hymns.

Good players of the piano are welcome guests everywhere. Let me make you a brilliant player—one whose playing will win admiration and applause.

If you are a Beginner, don't waste time by the old practice drudgery. One writes: "My remarkable progress is a revelation to my friends."—W. J. (Swindon).

If you are a Moderate Player already, my teaching will greatly improve your Playing and Sight Reading ability. One writes:—"The improvement can only be called marvellous."—J. L. S. (Loughton).

FREE BOOK, "Mind, Muscle, and Keyboard." Write for one (state if Mr., Mrs. or Miss, also if Beginner, Elementary, Moderate or Advanced).

Mr. H. BECKER, 81, Bristol House, Hatfern Street, London, E.C.1.

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Vitæ-Ore has attracted attention by the way that it has given new life and virility to thousands of languid, anxious and exhausted men. It has restored grace and healthy charm to thousands of tired, weary, careworn women, and to girls whose development to womanly life has been delayed. The vital forces are powerfully and noticeably increased by Vitæ-Ore. What is the result? In the office, the factory, at social gatherings, at work, and in hours of leisure people are telling each other how much Vitæ-Ore has done for them that no ordinary medicine could do.

All who wish to share in this wonderful benefit should write at once for a month's supply.

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"The clinical results obtained were satisfactory."

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Dissolved in water Vitæ-Ore not only gives new health and tonic effect through its vitalising power, but has directly beneficial action upon many stubborn diseases, and has produced numberless cures in cases of

Nervous Weakness	Rheumatism and all "run-down" conditions resulting from Stomach, Liver, and Kidney Weakness.
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It is a powerful nerve and spinal tonic. The headaches, pains in the back, and special weaknesses of women vanish when it is used. A man who, without having any special disease, suffers from general lack of energy, want of manly vigour and ambition, who is easily fatigued, and does not feel the aggressive strength of manhood, will derive new life from Vitæ-Ore—not by any sudden stimulation, but by a powerful tonic action which permanently benefits. Vitæ-Ore has made new men of thousands. You have a free and fair opportunity to try it for a whole month and see whether it will do the same for you. Fill up the coupon NOW.

It WILL Do you Good.

Girls who are bloodless and anæmic—pale, easily tired, short of breath when going upstairs—derive the most wonderful benefits from Vitæ-Ore.

You are asked to use Vitæ-Ore for a month and watch the result. You are to be the judge of the benefit. If the result is satisfactory—if Vitæ-Ore does you good—you pay 4s. 6d. for the whole month's supply. If you are not benefited, simply write and say so, and we ask nothing at all. It is a fair "no benefit—no pay" offer.

But Vitæ-Ore will do you good. It will strengthen and tone up your nerves and your whole system. Your digestion will be better, your eyes brighter, your skin and complexion clearer and younger-looking.

Do not delay. Take advantage of the offer at once. Fill in the coupon or copy it and post it to Theo. Noel Co., Ltd. (Dept. 19), 29, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

FILL IN OR COPY THIS COUPON FOR FREE TRIAL OF ONE MONTH'S SUPPLY.

To the THEO. NOEL CO., LTD.
(Dept. 19), 29, Ludgate Hill,
London, E.C.

Dear Sirs,—

Please send me a month's supply of "Vitæ-Ore," with full directions and free book of particulars.

I will use it according to the "Directions," and promise to report results in 30 days.

If it does me good I will send you 4s. 6d. in payment for the month's course of treatment. If not, I will write and say so, and in that case YOU ARE TO CHARGE ME NOTHING.

Name.....

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S	T	A	B	L	E	■	O	R	I	E	N	T	■	■

The correct solution.

FIRST PRIZE OF £50.

MR. THOMAS H. THOMPSON, 23, Regent Street, Belfast.

Phrase :—SCIENCE STRIVING TO "HELP US OUT."

Word chosen :—SHOUTS.

SECOND PRIZE OF £25.

MRS. R. A. BOOTH, 71, Pine Road, Cricklewood, N.W.2.

Phrase :—"FRESH OUTLOOK" IF SLUMS ARE CLEARED.

Word chosen :—FIASCO.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10.

MR. M. JOHNSON, 6, Townley Road, East Dulwich, S.E.22.

Phrase :—EASIEST THING IMAGINABLE REMEMBERING "NUMBER ONE."

Word chosen :—ORIENT.

FOURTH PRIZE OF £5.

MR. J. MULGREW, Arva, Co. Cavan.

Phrase :—ARTISTE'S IDEAL FOREIGN NAME, ALIEN'S—BRITISH.

Word chosen :—FABIAN.

Complete list of all other prize-winners in the above competition can be seen at these offices.

Another Cross-word Contest on this page.

One Man's Boot Bill

And Many Children with Naked Feet

LAST week we read of the father of a young man newly commissioned as a cavalry officer who had received the bills for what he was assured was the minimum equipment with which his son could join his regiment. They came to over £600, of which £200 was for boots!

By way of contrast, we read this week of a poor fellow, down and out, who called at a police station and asked to be taken inside, saying that he had stolen a pair of boots but could not face another night in the open. He died in his cell, from disease accelerated by exposure, before he could be tried for his crime.

While one young soldier is squandering £200 on boots, and a poor homeless tramp driven to stealing a pair is dying of want in a police cell, we are receiving letters from old soldiers such as the following, sent to us by an ex-sergeant, only recently discharged from hospital a broken man, with a totally inadequate pension.

"Please allow me to appeal for a little assistance to provide boots for my three children. £1 would buy three pairs, but I cannot get them and let the little ones go without food."

His appeal is supported by the schoolmaster, who writes, "A——, B—— and C—— have been absent from school for three weeks, owing to the father being unable to provide boots for them. Under ordinary circumstances they are regular attenders, and the family is worthy of whatever assistance can be given."

Another appeal is from a disabled ex-Service man with a wife and four children. He says, "I have not got a proper shirt to my back or a pair of boots. We can hardly buy food, let alone clothes, and nearly everything is in pawn." This poor fellow has been operated upon four times and is quite unable to work.

We could multiply such instances many times over, and in investigating these cases we frequently find that the plight of the families is even worse than has been disclosed.

Do not let the crime of comfort amid such dire distress be laid at your door. Help us by your subscriptions to "The Greatest of These—" Fund to clothe these poor children and send them to school properly shod.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

"Rowbutts," 5s.; "Alto," 2s.; W. Bradley, 2s. 6d.; G. Dale, 3s.; "Tony," 2s. 6d.; G. B. Gregson, 2s. 6d.; C. E. B. (Cardiff), 1s.; E. J. Dybell, 2s.; J. F. Stone, 2s.; M. T. P., 1s.; L. K., 5d.; F. S. (Newark), 2s. 6d.; J. W. Ford, 2s.; J. B., 6d.; Boothstown, 4½d.; M. B., 1s.; E. M. C., 5s.; Hard Up, 2½d.; K. Hunt, 5s.; Tom M. A., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. A. E. Jones, 2s.; Bee, 11½d.; B. S., 2s.; Anon., 6d.; Anon., 4s.; J. H. Dale, 6d.; Noin, 2d.; R. S. Camm, 1s. 5½d. "Grateful Heart," 2s.; A. T. (Ilkley), 10d.; "Selfish," 4s. 6d.; "A Patient," 1s.; L. M., 2s. 6d.; A Competitor, parcel; F. Wigley, parcel; L. A. Garver, 11s. 6d.; Luckless, 1s. 1d.; L. Grinnell, 1s.; Jumping Joshua, 3s.; Cheerful, 3s. 6d.; G. W. Smith, 1s. 6d.; New Year's Ninth, 1s.; Portslade, 4d.; "A Ninth," 4s.; M. A. G., 2s. 6d.; Thursley's Ninth, 2d.; Munty Mabel, 2½d.; New Southgate, 2s. 6d.; 9th (Shrewsbury), 2s. 6d.; L. T. H., 5s.; M. Cawner, 2½d.; T. Hampson, 1s.; Leicester, 2s. 6d.; Mounton, 1s.; Etta, 12s.; H. W., 1s. 4d.; Unlucky Competitor, 5d.; Caretaker's 9th, 5½d.; "A Ninth to Spare," 6s. 3d.; G. H. Wright, 10s.; Black Cat, 1s. 6d.; "Pallie," 10d.; F. T. Snow, 3d.; "Somerset," 1s.; "Southwold," 6d.; "Three Little Kiddies," 2s. 6d.; Mrs. R. G. Gardner, £1; C. E. Hunt, 6d.; J. Paul, 6d.; A. J. Wallis, 6d.; M. C., 6d.; J. Budd, 6d.; E. Baggett, 6d.; J. Sellers, 2s.; "Kia-Ora," 10s.; A. Wallbridge, 5s.; G. Moon, 6d.; "Sloppyweather," 1s.; E. W. J. B., 10 francs; R. Brickwood, 1s.; C. E. Cork, 2s. "Nil Desperandum," 2s. 6d.; Greno, 2½d.; M. T. P., 7d.; Jumbo, 3d.; A. S. Bell (Rotherham), 8s.; May, 7d.; L. A. A. Holbeach, 2s. 6d.; Nolan's Ninth, 1s.; C.-in-M., 7s. 6d.; Sparrowhawk, 5d.; Ninth of Commission, 1s. 6d.; Service Man, 2s.; Fisherman's Ninth, 2s.; Holwell, 1s.; Bunny's Ninth, 1s.; Old Bill, 2s. 6d.; Hopeful, 10d.; Pood Widow, 6d.; Lintan, 1s. 3d.; Micawber, 3d.; E. S. Misty, 2s. 6d.; Overcommer, 10½d.; T. M. S., 5s.; Misery, 1s.; Received, 1s. 3d.; A. Young, 2s. 6d.; Friend from a Friend, 10s.; Nig and Bo, 2s.; Mrs. Smith, 10d.; Happy Man, 5d.; Lucky Bear, 6d.; Mac C., 2s. 6d.; Poult's Weekly, 2s.; Muirkirk's First, 2s. 6d.; Phelo, 2s.; Ninth of First Pay (Wales), 2s. 6d.; "Nuf Sed," 2s. 6d.; Walsall, 1s.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; Xmas Luck Ninth, 4s. 6d.; J. E., 2s.; Sacrifice, 2s. 6d.; A. Bull, 2s.; J. F. M., 5s.; A. C. Robinson, 2s. 6d.; Friday's Ninth, 3d.; Every Little Helps, 2s.; Unemployed ex-Service Man, 6d.; A. Thom, 2s.; W. For, 2s. 6d.; C. E. James, pcl.; A. Reader, 1s.; Mrs. E. Chance, 2s. 6d.; Now Year, 1s. 6d.; B. W. (Darwen), 10s.; Second Ninth, 1s.; "J. H. 44," 1s.; Norwich, 2s.; Ex., 1s. 6d.; "Lucy," 1s.; Rewear Basket, 2s.; Long Tom, 2s.; Murthwaite, 2s.; 414, 2s.; Beckett, 2s.; Widow's Mite, 6d.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; Chard, 2s.; Holloway, 1s. 6d.; B. W. (Darwen), 10s.; Second Ninth, 1s.; "J. H. 44," 1s.; Norwich, 2s.; Ex., 1s. 6d.; "Lucy," 1s.; Rewear Basket, 2s.; Long Tom, 2s.; Murthwaite, 2s.; 414, 2s.; Beckett, 2s.; Widow's Mite, 6d.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; Chard, 2s.; Holloway, 1s. 6d.; W. Fielding, 6d.; Storrington, 5½d.; H. S. Purkiss, 1s.; "A Thank Offering," 2s.; A Devoted Reader, 5d.; Bulleteer, 1s.; Wellington, 2s.; A. Ninth, 11d.; Cardenden, 3s.; R. E., 2s.; Sherry, 1s.; A Ninth, 1s.; "Widow's Mite," 2s.; G. Harper, 6d.; "Small Pay," 2s. 6d.; Wishful wisher, 6d.; Civ. Clerk, 1s.; P. D., 1s.; "Widow's case," 2s.; E. G., 11d.; L. W. G., 2s.; "One Easter to Help," pcl.; R. Watson, 2s.; T. E. D., 2s.; Bele for Luck, 6d.; Cinderella, 1s.; Mrs. Logan, 1s.; "Reebul," 2s. 6d.; C. Lardy, 1s.; C. W., 2s.; W. Wilde, 6d.; E. B., 1s.; W. H. Duncanson, 6d.; T. Dewey, 6d.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

Cross-words—1,000 Prizes Again!

EVERYBODY is Cross-wording now. Send in your solution and win one of the 1,000 prizes for the senders of the first thousand correct solutions opened by the Editor. Entries must be received by February 11. To ensure absolute fairness no solutions will be opened until after the closing date.

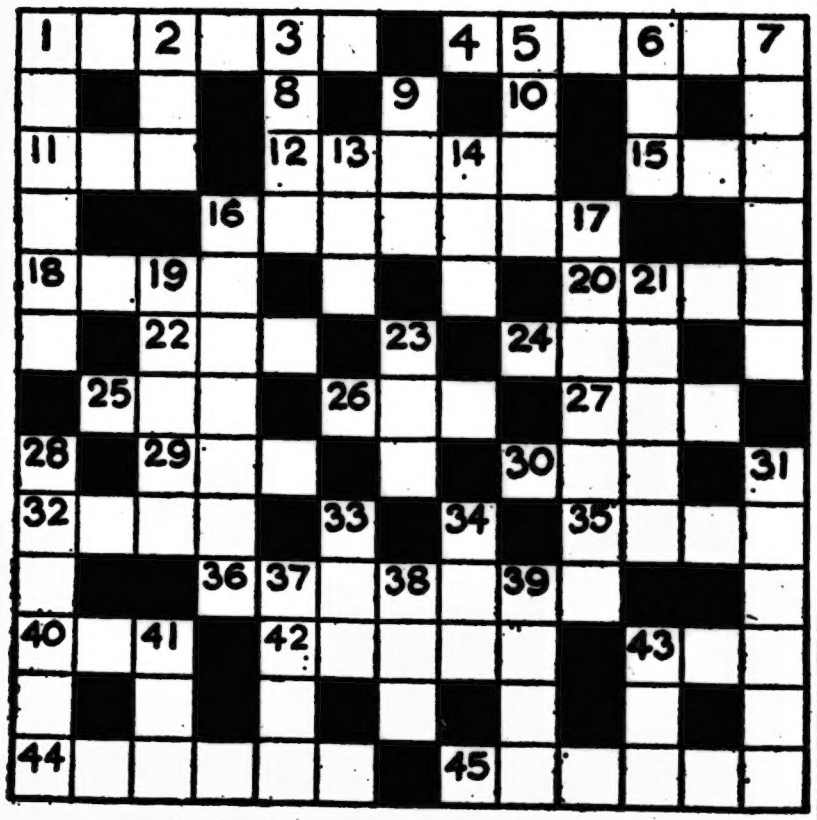
CLUES.

ACROSS.

1. Aircraft shed.
4. Musical instrument.
11. Plug.
12. Coral formation.
15. Eastern coin.
16. Cleric's staff.
18. Askew.
20. A single occasion.
22. Fitting.
24. To observe.
25. A tree.
6. Flat fish.
27. Used to pierce.
29. Grass land.
30. A measure.
32. Disorder.
35. Novice.
36. To criticise severely.
40. A fabric.
42. A nut.
43. What tipsters don't do.
44. Brave.
45. Inherited.

DOWN.

1. Elephant carriage.
2. Sleepy land.
3. Nearly closed.
5. Inactive.
6. Fruit of rose.
7. Kind of jacket.
9. Pen name of famous novelist.
13. Child.
14. Cover.
16. A tree.
17. Proportionate payment.
19. Fencing.
21. Recently.
23. Flat fish.
28. Soil.
31. Knock against.
33. Spoil.
34. Spasmodic affliction.
37. Magistrate.
38. King.
39. Be willing to.
41. Equality.
43. Snake.



Cross-words No. 2. Closing Date Feb. 11.

Fill in the Puzzle squares, write your name and address in the space provided, cut out the whole, and post to Cross-words No. 2, P.O. Box 200, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Cross-word solutions must not be enclosed with "Bullets" coupons.

The result of "Puzzlets" Competition No. 2 will be found at the top of this page.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

"Greatest of These . . ." Continued

dam), 8s.; May, 7d.; L. A. A. Holbeach, 2s. 6d.; Nolan's Ninth, 1s.; C.-in-M., 7s. 6d.; Sparrowhawk, 5d.; Ninth of Commission, 1s. 6d.; Service Man, 2s.; Fisherman's Ninth, 2s.; Holwell, 1s.; Bunny's Ninth, 1s.; Old Bill, 2s. 6d.; Hopeful, 10d.; Pood Widow, 6d.; Lintan, 1s. 3d.; Micawber, 3d.; E. S. Misty, 2s. 6d.; Overcommer, 10½d.; T. M. S., 5s.; Misery, 1s.; Received, 1s. 3d.; A. Young, 2s. 6d.; Friend from a Friend, 10s.; Nig and Bo, 2s.; Mrs. Smith, 10d.; Happy Man, 5d.; Lucky Bear, 6d.; Mac C., 2s. 6d.; Poult's Weekly, 2s.; Muirkirk's First, 2s. 6d.; Phelo, 2s.; Ninth of First Pay (Wales), 2s. 6d.; "Nuf Sed," 2s. 6d.; Walsall, 1s.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; Xmas Luck Ninth, 4s. 6d.; J. E., 2s.; Sacrifice, 2s. 6d.; A. Bull, 2s.; J. F. M., 5s.; A. C. Robinson, 2s. 6d.; Friday's Ninth, 3d.; Every Little Helps, 2s.; Unemployed ex-Service Man, 6d.; A. Thom, 2s.; W. For, 2s. 6d.; C. E. James, pcl.; A. Reader, 1s.; Mrs. E. Chance, 2s. 6d.; New Year, 1s. 6d.; B. W. (Darwen), 10s.; Second Ninth, 1s.; "J. H. 44," 1s.; Norwich, 2s.; Ex., 1s. 6d.; "Lucy," 1s.; Rewear Basket, 2s.; Long Tom, 2s.; Murthwaite, 2s.; 414, 2s.; Beckett, 2s.; Widow's Mite, 6d.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; Chard, 2s.; Holloway, 1s. 6d.; W. Fielding, 6d.; Storrington, 5½d.; H. S. Purkiss, 1s.; "A Thank Offering," 2s.; A Devoted Reader, 5d.; Bulleteer, 1s.; Wellington, 2s.; A. Ninth, 11d.; Cardenden, 3s.; R. E., 2s.; Sherry, 1s.; A Ninth, 1s.; "Widow's Mite," 2s.; G. Harper, 6d.; "Small Pay," 2s. 6d.; Wishful wisher, 6d.; Civ. Clerk, 1s.; P. D., 1s.; "Widow's case," 2s.; E. G., 11d.; L. W. G., 2s.; "One Easter to Help," pcl.; R. Watson, 2s.; T. E. D., 2s.; Bele for Luck, 6d.; Cinderella, 1s.; Mrs. Logan, 1s.; "Reebul," 2s. 6d.; C. Lardy, 1s.; C. W., 2s.; W. Wilde, 6d.; E. B., 1s.; W. H. Duncanson, 6d.; T. Dewey, 6d.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

"Bullets" £1 Prize-winners

(Continued from page 31)

Fawdon, Gosforth, Newcastle; C. E. Phillips, Silverdale St., Hr. Openshaw, M/c.; T. Pink, Adames Rd., Portsmouth; Miss L. Pollett, Coleridge Av., South Shields; G. W. Quest, 6, Vine Av., Mayfield St., Hull; M. H. Randall, 5, Caird Rd., Glasgow; A. J. Razzell, 35, Linkfield Lane, Redhill, Surrey; F. W. Read, 11, Lomas St., Nottingham; A. I. Rhodes, The Sanatorium, Grassington, Skipton, Yorks.; Mrs. J. Robinson, Cornwall St., Bere Alston, Devon; Mrs. E. A. Roden, 2, Y. Groes, Rhiwbina Garden Village, Cardiff; C. Rye, Darley Dale, First Ave., Southbourne, Emsworth; F. H. Severn, 131, High St., Balham, S.W.; D. Simm, South View, East Rd., Bradford; Mrs. A. Smallhorn, 26, Hyde Rd., Gorton, M/c.; W. A. Smart, Rhiwbina Tea Gardens, Nr. Cardiff; C. Smith, 23, Hamilton St., Old Trafford, M/c.; T. C. Smith, 7, Victor Park, Corstorphine, Edinburgh; J. S. Spiers, 168, Albert Av., Hull; H. Stewart, Charles St., Kilsyth, by Glasgow; Mrs. Stokes, 80, Grove Green Rd., Leytonstone, E.; R. Swain, George St., Balsall Heath, B'ham.; E. W. Tasker, Swinddon Rd., B'ham.; W. H. Taylor, 29, Shaw St., Gloucester; W. Teale, 28, Ribble Rd., Blackpool; W. M. Warne, 21, Hartley Av., East Ham, E.; T. Watson, 14, Redvers Rd., Darwen, Lancs.; A. C. White, St. Judy, R.S.O., (please send full address); G. Williams, 4, Bristol Rd., Southsea; Mrs. E. Williams, 77, James St., Oxford; Miss R. Woodall, 42, Cowley Rd., Muswell Hill, N.; T. Wooltorton, 4, Eyre Rd., Eastbourne; T. Wright, 12, Edwin Rd., Sheffield.

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the solution on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged on absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money back" guarantee. Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of the advertisements in "John Bull."

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked —In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects. Any complaint must reach us within a month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Manager shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,
Proprietors of "JOHN BULL."

ESULT OF "BULLETS" No. 549.

FIRST PRIZE OF £500:
Mr. LAWRENCE SOAIFE, Goine Road, Earby, Nr. Goine.
mple:—For Others
t:—Life *Is* "Worth Living."
tered on "Target" Prize coupon).

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:
TURNER, 34, Shalimar Gardens, Acton, W.3.
le:—A Wreck
—Amidst His Wreckage—Trotsky.

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:
SMITH, Gold Hill Common, Chalfont St. Peter Bucks.
le:—Matrimonial Handicap
—She Kept "Asking Mother."

FOURTH PRIZE OF £25:
S. JOHNS, 20, Bold Square, Chester.
le:—A Wash-out
—Some "Floods Of Eloquence."

FIFTH PRIZE OF £10:
A. WILKINSON, 7, Heather Road, Sand Heath, Birmingham.
le:—Beginning Early
—Scooter Colliding With Pram.

10 Prizes of £5 each:
RETT, "Brantwood," Chingford, Essex.
Customer—Food Commissioners Can't Make.
Bolton, 11, Marsden Hall Road, Nelson, Lancs.
RECK—Salved—Charity's The "Diver."
s, 633, Dumbarton Road, Partick, Glasgow.
The Burglar Said—To Policeman—"He's stairs!"
tered on "Target" Prize coupon).
Hawkins, 458, Manchester Road, Baxenden, cks.
G Out—English Fielders—Gilligan sing.
ouse, "Coombe," Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol.
The Burglar Said—"Ready, Bob?"—nstable, "Quite!"
mion, 17, Parnell Place, Harolds Cross, Dublin.
ng Hand In—Politician Convinces His fe.
Entered on "Target" Prize coupon).
E. Reader, 24, Sleath's Yard, Bedworth, Nr. eaton.
rst Sight—Crank's Mistaken—Also Con-ed.
Thomas, Hafod, Borth, Aberystwyth.
The Table—Food Commission Needs orter.
rner, 14, Long Lane, Garston, Liverpool.
e's School—Some Prefer The "Dormi-es."
pham, 26, Retreat Road, Westcliff-on-Sea.
She Wears—"Wins" Lover—"Handi-" Hubby.

Prizes of £2 10s. each:
Bailey, 6, Newton Street, Britannia, Nr. p.
Is A Car?—Something Nobody "Keeps t."
Davies, 10, Alexander Place, Abercanard, hyt Tydil.
g To Learn—Motorist—After Licence elled.
aves, Donington, Spalding, Lincs.
nderneath—Ex-Sailor Threw Spare el.
owells, 61, Teme Street, Tenbury Wells, s.
ing Early—Chemical Food For Baby.
on, 17, Nottingham Street, Melton Mowbray, s.
nd And Wife—Evidently—Both Check-Bill.
43, Grafton Road, Acton, W.
nderneath—Asylum Bed, Motor Maniac.
ars, 57, Amelia Terrace, Garden Street, sby.
onial Handicap—"Lass" But No ase."
orbey, 43, Nebo Street, Daubhill, Bolton, s.
Father Does—Abuses Wireless—Monop-s Headphones.
s, Hatherton, Cannock, Stafford.
Her—Guests Depart, Russia Chuckles.
son, 120, Central Drive, Blackpool.
g To Learn—Both—Or Marriage Failure

0 Prize-winners of £1:
dams, 105, Little Park St., Coventry; C. J. y., High St., Coleford, Glos.; F. Bailey, 30, o, Fosters Wine Stores, High Rd., Balham, rv. E. Barnett, 53, Beulah Rd., Thornton . Bayley, 8, Villa Rd., Brixton, S.W.; W. S Gt. Western Rd., Aberdeen; J. Bellairs, 3, Rd., Edge Lane, L'pool.; T. S. Birmingham, ood Rd., Balham, S.W.; F. Best, 12, St. Terr., Plymouth; S. Bogie, 11, Brentwood, Rd., Pendleton, M/c.; W. W. Bolton, 11, Hall Rd., Nelson, Lancs.; W. Booth, 69, St., Middlesborough; R. Brenner, Carron erbert, N.B.; Mrs. Camptiell, 6, Henley mley, Leeds; G. R. Chandler, 69, Wellesley y, B'ham.; H. Chaney, Watchman, Queen's Kitchurch Lane, Edgware; A. J. Charters, n St., Stoke, Devonport; A. Clarke, 95, d., Burnley, Lancs.; Miss H. E. Cockram, Ave., Withernsea; C. C. Cole, Eglinton, reens, Cheltenham; A. Colvers, 25, Park Rd., , F.; W. R. Cottingham, Handsley, Spilsby, Miss K. Curran, "Lucerna," Whitchead; , 16, Frederick Rd., Walworth, S.E.; J. Er-High St., Spilsby, Lincs.; T. Dunwoody, 113, y Rd., Brixton, S.W.; M. Earnes, 11, Dean hurst, Nr. Horsham; H. Edgar, 23, St. Rd., Bishopstoke, Hants.; B. Eldon, (Continued in next column)

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" No. 551.

WINSTON'S JOB
WHAT WE'RE AFTER
BRITAIN'S BACKBONE
CAUSE OF THE TROUBLE
THE RIGHT WORD
FALLEN IDOL
HOW TO BE HAPPY
SAD BUT TRUE
STEEL HOUSES
DAY OF RECKONING
NASTY KNOCK
WHAT WIFE MEANS
IN THE UNDERWORLD
SLUM BABY
WHEN THEY ARE MARRIED
MAN'S PRIVILEGE
ON LIFE'S STAGE
EXTRAVAGANT
COME TO STAY
COOL PROPOSAL
WHEN SHE CALLS
RARE GIFT
FOOD FOR SCANDAL
A POLICEMAN
DIFFERENT STORY
FOND OF HER
UNLIKELY
THE LAW
WITH A FROWN
TAME
FROM A BOY
WHAT TO EAT
IF I WERE SINGLE
HAND OF FATE
AMBITION
WHAT THE PASSENGER SAID
IF IT'S A GIRL
MATRIMONIAL AGENT
DOGS OF WAR
WHAT IS WIRELESS?

Raby Grand Cinema, Byker-on-Tyne; T. Elkington, Carrington, Nr. Boston, Lincs.; Mrs. A. Emmott, 22, Harriet St., Burnley; L. Emsley, 23, Burnroyd Ave., Cross-Hills, Keighley; M. Evans, 97, Oakley St., Westminster Bridge Rd., London, S.E.; Miss B. Farrier, 40, Glebe Terr., Dunston-on-Tyne.; R. Ford, The Willows, Langley, Bucks.; Rev. R. E. Gaye, Skeyton Rectory, Swanton Abbot, Norwich; W. Goldsworthy, 120, Whitchurch Rd., Cardiff; G. E. Graham, 47, Linskill St., North Shields; J. E. Hall, 32, Reay St., South Shields; Miss D. Hallett, Shrublands, Smithy Bridge, Lancs.; T. Harper, 25, Trongate, Glasgow; Mrs. E. Hatch, Cothelstone, Rock Estate, Oulton Broad, Suffolk; F. W. Hawkins, 18, Colne Bank Rd., Colchester; Miss L. Hawksford, 4, Victoria Pl., Fair View, Cheltenham; Miss E. Heard, 21, Craven Av., Plymouth; W. H. Hodges, 71, Elm Rd., Mile End, Portsmouth; E. A. Holden, Kirklands, Haworth, Keighley; E. C. Holloway, Burwell, Cambridge; J. Hoyle, 29, Lisclough Rd., Waterfoot, M/c.; J. H. Hughes, 21, Dyffryn Rd., Caerau, Bridgend; S. E. Jacks, 110, Victoria Rd., Aston, B'ham.; W. B. James, 61, Stone Barton, Plympton, Devon; W. R. Jones, 7, West St., Abercynon, Glam.; T. Keep, 24, Boscombe Rd., London, W.; A. Law, Jnr., 18, Cathkinview Rd., Mount Florida, Glasgow; C. Leonard, Market Pl., Brigg, Lincs.; Mrs. E. Lightfoot, 71, Spring Gdns., Mason St., Runcorn, Ches.; J. Lindsay, c/o. Greensmith, 8, McVicars Lane, Dundee; F. G. Lusher, 10, Euston St., Huntingdon; D. Mackie, 98, Nicol St., Kirkcaldy; J. Macleod, 3, Seaview, Girvan, N.B.; W. J. Morgan, 30, Whittlesey St., Lambeth, S.E.; E. E. Morrison, "Oakles," Queen Alexandra Rd., W. North Shields; C. Nixon, Bucks Green, Horsham, Sussex; B. Norris, 5, Sunbury Cottages, Church Rd., Northfield, B'ham.; J. Nurton, 184, Coronation Rd., Bristol; G. W. Patterson,
(Continued on page 30.)

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS" — NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

Choose any of the *Examples* printed; then give any **Two, Three,** or **Four Words** having some bearing on the *Example* chosen, each of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you:—
Example:—Heart Of The Empire *Bullet*:—"Jumps" When Prince Does.
Example:—What Is A Husband? *Bullet*:—Family Butt—And Buttress.
Example:—To-morrow *Bullet*:—Youth's Crystal—Age's Hour-glass.

ENCLOSE A POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6D. FOR EACH COUPON USED.

ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO "Bullets" No. 551, John Bull, Long Acre, London, W.C 2

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, February 12.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(551) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 30. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, February 12.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(551) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 30. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, February 12.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(551) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 30. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, February 12.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(551) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 30. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper

List of Five-shilling Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 549 will be published in this week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete list of Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the office of "John Bull."

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £10, £3 and £2 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 551 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

The original cheque for £500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" No. 548 can now be seen in the window of Mr. VARSTONE, West Street, Hertford.

Don't merely ask for Dog Cakes or Puppy Biscuits —ask definitely for SPRATTS

FROM YOUR OWN DEALER.

Dog Cakes, 3½ lb. bag, 1/4; 7 lbs., 2/7; and in 4½d. packets. Puppy Biscuits, 3½ lb. bag, 1/5; 7 lbs., 2/9; and in 5d. packets. Ovals, 3½ lb. bag, 1/7; 7 lbs., 3/1; and in 5½d. packets.

— Write for fine free dog book "The Dog" to: —

SPRATT'S PATENT LIMITED, 24/5, Fenchurch St., London, E.C.3.

Nervous Indigestion

When the nerves break down one of the first symptons is indigestion—often associated with sleeplessness. If you take Dr. Cassell's Tablets, you will be amazed at your rapid cure.

The case of Miss E. M. Coombs

Miss E. M. Coombs, "Hengist," Augustine Road, Minster, near Sheerness, says:—"For quite a year I had suffered with indigestion, and though I took advice I made no progress. I could not retain my food, and the sensations of indigestion which troubled me were awful. The only relief I obtained after eating was by vomiting. It seemed to be a waste of time to eat at all, for I was getting no nourishment. But one day I chanced to read about Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and decided to try them. I can never be too grateful for the result. In a very short time I began to improve, and since then I have been splendid."

TAKE TWO AT BED-TIME and note how well you sleep, and how refreshed and fit you feel in the morning.

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